

# LEND A HAND.

A RECORD OF PROGRESS.

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## THE RETURN TO THE LAND.

WE now have Mr. William Morris's Utopia, under the interesting title "News from Nowhere." The conversational title, however, is "Mr. Morris's Bellamy." It speaks well for Mr. Bellamy that the interest of his book should have created a new noun which will long exist, and of which he has a right to be proud.

We may possibly, in another issue of this journal, discuss at some length the hopes and plans of Mr. Morris. At the present moment we have only to speak of the expectation, which he emphasizes as all Englishmen do, that, with the release of land to general occupancy, people from the cities will rush back to it with the enthusiasm with which the crew of a ship's boat, who have been lying parching on the waves, rush to a stream of water when they have reached the island they sought. Mr. Morris represents the great cities as depopulated at first by the wave of landholders who rush back upon the parks and fields when these are thrown open to general occupancy. Dr. McGlynn throws out the same idea in his addresses, and it is deep down in Mr. George's theory of what will happen to us all when we have a single tax on land.

It ought to be observed that all these statements are made by men who live themselves in cities. Dr. McGlynn's training has been the training of a hard-worked minister in the

crowded parts of New York and in Brooklyn. Mr. Morris lives in London; for some reason, be it observed, he likes to live in London. And it must be noticed that most of us who write articles, print Utopias, and exhort young people to go into the wilderness, do not ourselves practice the gospel which we preach. When Mr. Lawrence Oliphant offered his aid to the community at Oneida, they told him frankly that he could do them better service in the city of New York, and sent him there to write articles in the periodicals showing that nobody ought to live in cities. This is a little discouraging in the practical work of reorganizing society.

As the readers of *LEND A HAND* know, however, we are eager to carry out, by whatever suggestions we can make, the hope, or the dream, which brings all of God's children more into the open air. Certainly, for the education of children, it seems to be confessed that, whether the country has the graded school such as suits a city school-supervisor; whether it has the last sweet thing in the adjustment of the school benches or no, it does have a knack of educating first-rate men and first-rate women. In our school conventions and before the legislatures we groan and plead for forty-two weeks of schooling where there are now but thirty; and, to our surprise and disgust, we find that the boy or the girl who has had but thirty weeks in school, and has had the rest of the time under God's sky in the hay-field or with the cattle, seems to know about as much as our city-bred boy knows, and can beat him if it comes to a game of foot-ball or to a contest in swimming.

The attention of the theoretical reformers should be steadily called to the truth that up and down through the North-eastern states there is plenty of land to be had almost for the asking, and that the "masses," as people choose to call them, of the cities do not ask for it. The "masses" are willing enough to go out of town for a month in the summer, if their passage is paid, and their homes provided. But, on the whole, the "masses" prefer to stay in the crowded wards of the large cities. People who look at the matter as the editors

of this journal are obliged to look, understand perfectly well that the population of the largest cities, all told, is only one-tenth that of the country. It is still true that by far the larger portion of the population is living in the ideal world which Mr. Morris demands for them. At the same time it is true that the cities attract a steady wave, which is easily observable, of people who come to them either to try their fortunes or to enjoy them; and that the return wave is not so large.

Why should this not be so? As we have shown once and again in these pages, the amount of the "wealth in common" held in cities is practically as large as the amount of private property there. Or, putting it as the individual regards it, a well-organized city provides for him public reading-rooms, public libraries, picture galleries where he pays nothing, concerts where he pays little, and also provides the daily and nightly amusements of the streets, with their various movements and excitements — some of them intended for his pleasure and edification, and all of them arousing his curiosity. Beside this, because men are brought together in cities, they are able to offer him certain things which the sparse life of the country cannot possibly offer him — all the entertainment, for instance, of the theatre, the opera, of large public meetings of whatever kind, belongs of necessity to life in cities. We must fairly admit this in all discussions of that subject. We must understand what we are offering to people when we ask them to return, as Mr. Morris thinks they will return, to "the simplicity of the land." We ask them to compare the entertainment which nature and the God of nature give them against the entertainment which, in a thousand forms, society has been arranging for things which, as it happens, men and women like to do, or for places where men and women like to be, or for sights which men and women like to see.

Some contributions to this literature from gentlemen or ladies who see life in the country, with its average of comfort and average of pleasure, would be of very great

value. A "Bellamy" written by a man who lives on a Dakota farm, or a Montana ranch, or in an Iowa grange, would be a very valuable contribution to this increasing line of literature. It is a pity to have to confess that those who have done the best in these lines have not presented country life in a particularly attractive form. The inimitable stories, studied undoubtedly very carefully from life, of Miss Wilkins, Miss Carpenter, and Miss Jewett, turn very often on the starving penury of the people whom they describe. We should be sorry to believe that the average of widows or unmarried women living in the country were suffering as the heroines of some of these stories do suffer. With perfect right the authors choose them for artistic purpose, and the struggles of penury have undoubtedly more points of dramatic interest than the efforts of well-established life. But the authors have a good deal to do with impressing the feeling and ambition of young people. And so long as the great body of authors reside in cities, and so long as the great body of reading is the reading of newspapers printed in cities, so long we shall have an evident tendency among the young persons who are largely educated by what they read, to try the great adventure of life which can give them books, pictures, music, and the drama, even if they know that this life is accompanied by certain particular dangers of loneliness, or even of poverty.

It could be wished that some enterprising landholder would renew Mr. Gerritt Smith's offer, made fifty years ago, of a small farm to any one who wanted to take it. We should be glad to print in these pages an account of the outcome of that offer of Mr. Smith's. It was largely addressed to fugitive slaves, and fugitive slaves had certain special reasons for wishing to live in New York, rather than in Virginia or in North Carolina. But the result was certainly not such a crowding of Mr. Smith's lands as Mr. Morris describes. There is plenty of land in Massachusetts whose owners would be very glad to divide it into ten-acre farms, to put upon each farm a house worth two hundred dollars, and then to give the alternate farms to anybody who would come and take them. But they



know perfectly well that, for some reason or other, the "suffering masses" of the cities are not suffering so much that they wish to come upon the New England farms, and try the great adventure of raising corn, poultry, and pork enough for the support of their children. The great laws of supply and demand and of free trade control. We cannot have the luxury and convenience of receiving our bread-stuffs from Minnesota without any tax as they cross the lines of states between Minnesota and Massachusetts, and at the same time have the convenience and luxury which belong to land at high prices within forty miles of Boston. The weak spot, therefore, in Mr. George's hopes, and in Mr. Morris's, which belong to the same school, is in the difficulty of making life where the land is open as attractive as life is now in those places where there are many men close to each other, willing to provide for each other, and, in a certain sense, to bear each other's burdens.

## HOME AGAIN.

A STORY BY E. E. HALE.

### CHAPTER II.

A FIVE-DOLLAR gold piece, well bestowed in the hands of the woman steward who had the oversight of second-class women, gave to Mrs. Knox a quiet berth, where her neighbor overhead was a frightened German woman, who became, as we shall see, her fast friend. For the rest, if it were not for the name second class, which nobody likes, she was as well off as is the average traveller on any steamer of any line. She could not order a Welsh rarebit at midnight. But she would not have ordered one had she been a first-class voyager. The table was not very good, nor would it have been very good under any circumstances. The bed was clean, thanks to the five-dollar piece, and, as Mrs. Knox observed, it was a little larger than hers was in the state-room of the Tropic. The people whom she met at meals were all women, and all spoke German. As she spoke German, too, this did not in itself so much matter. In fact, she was tired to death by the rush of the last week in Europe; she knew she should spend fifteen hours of each twenty-four flat on her back, and, as it happened in this particular case, she had more air and bigger quarters in this part of her enterprise than she had before.

It would have been quite impossible, as she well knew, to make this second-class passage tolerable for an instant in the eyes of any of her large party excepting herself. Indeed, there were too many of them for any movement which required such promptness. But, more than this, her nieces looked forward to the voyage home as one more lottery in the experience of travel. It would not be fair to say that they looked forward to a week of mild or exciting flirtation, after

their seasickness was over, but, at the very least, it was — well, let us say, an untried adventure, who there might be, whom one might meet, with a clean deck, long walks, and chances by the hour of talk in extension-chairs. It was easy enough for Mrs. Knox to charge the escort men with the removal of her trunks in the hold, which, of course, could not be found now. For herself, her state-room “plunder” must answer her purposes till all should come together again in America.

Bertha Berlitz, the frightened German woman in the upper berth, who had been terribly seasick already in the little experience of the sea since she sailed, was going to America in that sad search for a lost husband which repeats itself so often in the romance of two continents. The sympathy and experienced kindness of Sybil Knox worked their inevitable way with the forlorn woman, and on the second day she was persuaded to sip a part of a cup of tea, to take a few spoonfuls of oatmeal porridge, and, at last, to try her feet again upon the deck. This experiment was a joy to her little girl, a nice, jolly little maiden of six or seven years, who had vanquished her seasickness, child-fashion, in a couple of hours, and had been won over to absolute confidence in Sybil Knox by that lady's skill in creating paper dolls, and by the dramatic interest of the conversations which she made them maintain with one another. The mother was, of course, grateful for such kindness to her little girl, though she was more shy than words can describe; she yielded slowly to absolute kindness, and told to her new friend her history and her hopes.

It had been a pure love-match, that was clear enough. And, until he left for America, there had been no break, there was no rival, there was no falsehood. A handsome boy and a pretty girl in a village in the Hartz Mountains — all just like a scene in an opera, or a story by Grimm. He was a forester in the government employ, but he was of the kind of forester which is at the bottom, and not the kind which is at the top. That distinction reigns in forestry as in all the other vocations of feudal countries. That is to say, there is one

sort of people who do the hard work and have poor pay. And there is another sort of people, who wear a little or much gold lace on their clothes, who ride about on horses, tell the other people what to do, though they don't know so much about it, and have good pay. After their dear little Rudolph died Gerhard had said he would have no more of it. He said the boy was the same as if he had starved to death. This was not true, as poor Bertha explained volubly. But it was true that Rudolph had not had the same food or the same comfort as he would have had were he a baron's son. Nay, the baron's son, a sickly boy, was alive when Bertha told all this sad tale. Anyway, Rudolph's death had made Gerhard unhappy and discontented. He said he knew all there was to be known about forests, and that a new country where there are forests was the place for him. So he left her and Clarchen with the grandfather and grandmother, and with two hundred thalers he went to America to make ready for them to come.

And there had been letters — five letters — all which poor, half-widowed Bertha had, wrapped up in a piece of parchment, and then slipped all together in a red-flannel bag. Not on the first, nor the second, nor the third day, but before the voyage was over, these precious letters were entrusted to Mrs. Knox, that she might, if she could, solve the mystery why there were no more.

Alas! there is always one solution, when there are no more, in such cases — the solution which, of course, poor Bertha would not state in words, nor, indeed, would Sybil Knox. First, there were two letters from New Bergen, a little place not far from New York, where he had found work, at what seemed marvellous wages, as a gardener, just while he was learning the language. Then there was one from New Pfalz, in the state of New York, more inland. Then he had worked his way to Rochester, and was at work in a nursery. There were enthusiastic stories of the peaches and pears and plums which Clarchen was to eat when she came over. There was no hint of declining interest. There was nothing from which

that "other woman" could be suspected, who is so apt to appear when an ocean has come into a drama. But the second Rochester letter spoke of an engagement to go to the West, with yet another nurseryman. She was still to write to Rochester, for he would be back when her letter came. Then there was one letter written on the train, and dated "Liberty" — just a line to say he was well. Of this letter, alas, the cover and postmark had been lost. And these were all.

Mrs. Knox sighed a long sigh as she half-explained what she did not dare express wholly — how many Libertys there were.

Such was the clue by which a husband was to be discovered, who gave himself no sign where he was. Was he dead, alas, or was there "the other woman?"

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### CHAPTER III.

JUDGE KENDRICK evidently leaned to the impression that the "other woman" had carried the lost Perlitz off. If so he doubted whether any pursuit would avail. "He has only to change his name to Brown or Jones — they all do," he said, "and it is all over."

For Judge Kendrick had, at the very first, after his household was established in the captain's state-room, come down to offer his berth to Mrs. Knox. If she said she was comfortable she gave him new reason to say that he would be as comfortable, and she would be such a comfort to his wife. There was more than one first-class passenger of her old friends of travel ready to make the same proposal, as soon as it was whispered in the New England section of the three hundred first-class passengers on the Tropic that that nice Mrs. Knox, who received so pleasantly in the Via Sabina, was in the second cabin. There were half a dozen gentlemen who had enjoyed her hospitality whose wives sent them to her with the same invitation the Judge had brought to her. But she was steel to their entreaties. Wild horses should not

drag her into the first cabin, she said. No; the captain was not to be asked if she might not sit on the upper deck with them. Discipline was discipline, and she was well pleased with her German and Yorkshire friends. She always had been tempted to take a steerage passage. This was not that. But if a word more were said she would go into the steerage, and then none of them could find her.

All the same the Judge used to make a call on her every day and take a constitutional with her. She would give him this hour. And, of course, she consulted him about Bertha Berlitz's chances.

"Poor enough, you would say," said he. "Still, if the man were alive, or if, as I say, the other woman were not alive, they would be ninety in a hundred. You say he was in Rochester. That means he is in the nursery business. That means he is in or near some large town. Now do you know that so perfect is the administration at Washington —"

"Are you laughing?" said she, a little annoyed.

"Laughing? Not at all. The administration at Washington is the despair of Europe. It is only our own habit of finding fault that has taught you anything else. Do you believe that in Russia, or even in Paris, there is a staff like what there is at Washington of accomplished men and women whose business it is to find Gerhard Berlitz? If you drop a letter into the post office the day you land, addressed Gerhard Berlitz, America, this staff will work on it. If he is alive, if he have not changed his name, if he live in a large town or city, they will find him. I mean that they have a library of directories, one from each large town and city, and that somebody will turn up Berlitz Gerhard in every directory, and that each man with that name in those cities will have a chance at the letter. Unless, indeed, one of them is so mean as to take it from the office and not return it for another trial."

"You give me good hope," she said, "for I have Bertha's confidence in him. There is no 'other woman.'"

"But always —"

"Yes, always," she said, sadly. "Why should he live

when so many others die? I have tried to recall what railway tragedies there were that year. He — it is fifteen months ago.”

“Yes, well; hope if you can; make her hope. *Quien sabe?* — it may yet come well.”

And such was the modicum of expectation with which Mrs. Knox took Bertha Berlitz's affairs in hand. What would have happened to Bertha Berlitz if the Tropic had not turned round she never inquired. As it was, the Tropic had turned round. And as she had, Sybil Knox had shared Bertha Berlitz's bed-room. And as she had, their destinies seemed to flow as one.

Yes, when they were in the long shed where people identify baggages, and give their keys to custom-inspectors, Mrs. Knox's baggage almost passed itself, it was so little. Blessed are they who have no baggage, for they do not have to wait for the custom-house. This is a true proverb. But she would not desert Bertha — no, not though she were wild to go to Macy's and to find something which she could wear within and without. The day gave every promise of being one of the tremendously hot days of early spring. Mrs. Knox had met her welcome to America in the shape of a note from her near friend, Mrs. Lagrange, to whose house she was going at once. One of the children was poorly, and the doctor had sent them all to Lenox earlier than she expected. Still the house was open. Mary Connor would see that all was comfortable, and here was John with the note, to be of any service. So was it that at the first instant of return to her own country Mrs. Knox found herself alone in New York — alone, but that she had attached to herself a German woman, who could not speak a word of English, and her child.

Now there was absolutely nothing which she would not do with Lucy Lagrange, or which Lucy Lagrange would not do with her. Had Lucy telegraphed from Lenox “Send me your diamond bracelet by express,” she would have done it. She had not had the least question but that she could take Bertha and Clarchen in the carriage with her to Lucy's house,

keep them there while she staid, and carry them with her. But before the name of this unknown Mary Connor she trembled. She did not dare carry Bertha to her. She looked at the faultless John, in his matchless livery, and she was a good deal afraid of him. But she did not let him know this. He did know already why she had no luggage, and he understood very readily why she did not go with him up town.

What would the poor Frau Berlitz have done were there no Mrs. Knox? This question presented itself to that lady, and to Judge Kendrick and Mrs. Kendrick, all of whom were trying to solve the problem.

There was a grave, business-like-looking man on one side of the shed who had a party of twenty-odd Norwegians in hand. They were sitting on their trunks till a lost trunk should be found, and waiting his command to move. Mrs. Knox had noticed them on the voyage as decent people, among the steerage passengers, who kept very much to themselves. Would not their leader perhaps take Bertha and Clarchen to a decent boarding-house, where she could stay for a day or two? Judge Kendrick made the inquiry. Alas! the man was a Mormon elder, and the people were Mormons. "If only we had been Latter Day Saints we should have been provided for," said Sybil Knox, afterwards. And all three of the councillors wondered why the Mormon corner of the Church of Christ was the only corner that seemed to care for this business of taking strangers into a new land.

"It is all nonsense," said Mrs. Kendrick, under the impulse of this wonder. "Fred, we will take them with us to Harriet's. They may just as well stay at New Rochelle till something turns up as be poking about here in this ideal German boarding-house which none of us know how to find." To this her husband agreed willingly, Mrs. Knox unwillingly. But she had to give way. New Rochelle is not an hour from New York, and Mrs. Kendrick had been at home there till she was married. Bertha's big trunk should be stored at No. 999 West 52d Street in Lucy Lagrange's palace. Bertha should go with the Kendricks to New Rochelle, and Sybil



Knox should stay in New York as she had proposed, while she refitted for her summer adventures. So soon as the custom-house people were satisfied, John, in all his grandeur, was told that the coachman might take Mrs. Knox to Arnold & Constable's. Judge Kendrick, who called himself from that moment a Mormon elder, took his wife and the German contingent across to the 42d Street Station, and Frau Berlitz's enormous chest was confided to an expressman to carry to Mrs. Lagrange's. There it was to remain till Mrs. Knox should be ready to go to her own home.

By this time it was nearly eleven. By this time, therefore, it was certain that they took their lives in their hands in these adventures. The people in the streets seemed to know that something was in the air, such as was not always expected. There was not the smart tread, the "I-care-for-nobody" swing, properly indicative of the cross streets in lower New York. Rather there was a doubtful and even slow movement, unlike the laziness of Burgos, unlike the indifference of Messina, but unmistakable. Even the impassive coachman, as he took the order for Arnold & Constable, deviated so far from the statutes of his profession as to ask if Mrs. Knox would need the horses long. Whether the danger of a hot day to the horses were in his mind, or whether he doubted how long he could live in that livery coat, he did not say.

For it is what in local dialect is called a "peeler." It was one of the awful days, when the "hot wave" which has been long predicted and failed delivers itself, all unannounced, on the wretched dwellers in cities. Higher and higher the thermometer; more and more muggy the air! Within the great ware-houses you felt for the moment cooler, but even there the lassitude of Southern India was on everybody. Mrs. Knox herself felt that it was madness to attempt thought as to temporary costume. She withdrew from the grandeurs of her first plans immediately. She ordered the great coachman to take her to Macy's, "Where, my dear, I was able to get some things I could live in till my trunks came," and then, to the undisguised joy of the great coachman and the greater John, gave the order for "Home."

Home, indeed! What a satire! Is this home? To a woman seven years from home, is this what she has earned? Somehow the memory of "seven years" brought back to Mrs. Knox a scripture recollection. As she went up the steps, as John opened the door with a pass-key, as her eyes fell on linen covers in the drawing-room, which was dark with close drawn curtains, she said to herself "He bargained for Rachel, and lo! it was Leah." Mrs. Mary Connor appeared, respectful, but so limp. Had Mrs. Knox had any lunch? There should be something in fifteen minutes, only John had telephoned that they should lunch down town.

"Yes — no — really, Mrs. Connor, I think a bath is all I need. Perhaps — yes, a little beef-tea after it. You see, Mrs. Connor, I am not quite used to the climate yet." As if any one were ever used to a "peeler!"

And this was her welcome home! Poor Sybil Knox!

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But the bath did its perfect work. No, she knew that she could not have had these perfect appurtenances in Rome. There were new devices for faucets. There was a new invention for a sponge-basket. There was ingenuity, and prettiness, and nicety everywhere, and there was water, cold water, and Mrs. Knox was herself again.

And the lunch was not confined to beef-tea. Mrs. Connor was on her mettle, if the day was a "peeler," and gradually a little appetite developed itself. And so at 2 o'clock Sybil sat at the front window, wondering how she was to kill the afternoon, but feeling as able to kill it as if it were Hercules. Inspiration came, and she rang.

"Mrs. Connor, it is so hot that I think I will go by the afternoon train. When the expressman comes with the great box I told you of —"

And at that moment the cart drew up before the door.

"I will speak to him myself, Mrs. Connor," and she rushed to the door.

"Could you take that trunk right away to the 42d Street Station?"

The man looked amazed. He had just come from that place. But his hand closed on what in some languages is called a silver cart-wheel — the dollar of the modern coinage. He was then certain he could return.

"And may I go with you — on your seat, you know?"

The man was amazed, but had no objection. Mrs. Connor was more amazed. The great John was most amazed of all. But he brought down Mrs. Knox's extensor.

"I will write to Mrs. Lagrange myself. I shall be just in time for the train. Thank you ever so much, and good-bye." So, to the horror of the great John, she stepped lightly to the teamster's seat, even took the man's whip from his hand as he mounted beside her, and drove in triumph down the Fifth Avenue to the station.

She amused herself as she went by wondering what any of her elegant Roman guests would say should they meet her. But at such an hour as this, on such a day as this, none of them were visible. The teamster was pleased with her readiness and she with his. She had done the impossible. Frau Berlitz's huge chest was checked for Bennington County, and Mrs. Knox had twenty minutes left to find Frau Berlitz herself. As she had expected, that excellent woman, with her child, was sitting in the corner of the station awaiting the arrival of the Kendricks. Sybil Knox explained to her that all plans were changed. She left a note for the Judge with the parcel-man in the corner, and at three o'clock all three were off to try to be at "home again."

## JOSEPH TUCKERMAN'S DIARY.

[We print some passages from Mr. Tuckerman's diary which will be of interest to all persons engaged in ministry-at-large.]

THE journal of Dr. Tuckerman, written while he was studying for the ministry, and reading and writing at home and attending lectures in Cambridge, tells of very close application and of few set modes of recreation, but of frequent social visits to relatives and intimate families in their homes. It tells of careful, deep examination of many authors, and of honest self-scrutiny, pruning all idle or useless habits of action and thought. Happy at times in success, depressed often at failure, in his self-education, the style of his daily records indicates, rather than any words of self-satisfaction, his evident progress in true piety and his growing grasp of the vital interests of men and of society. One blank-book half-filled, labelled "Commonplaces," has this heading: "An account of my conduct, mental operations, etc."

"Monday, October 29, 1799. \* \* \* This day, like most of my life, is neither marked with any particular good or evil. No one has reason to lament that I have lived, nor would any, except my particular friends, who are attached to me by sympathy, have occasion for regret if this day had closed my existence."

"Nov. 6, 1799. \* \* \* I despise equivocation, yet I used it to-day in preference to giving a momentary unhappiness to another. I am ashamed when I write it, but will endeavor for the future rather to make any sacrifice than that of truth. 'The Life of Thomas Walsh' is a record of pious actions. It will fill many with a delight bordering on veneration, but I cannot believe enthusiasm so essential to religion."

This year and the subsequent one were to Joseph Tuckerman months of some miscellaneous reading and much severe study of sermons and books on theology and church history. He usually felt little exuberance of spirits, yet he gradually

entered into the happy family life about him; and before he accepted a call to the pulpit of Chelsea he had written in his diary, "Let bigotry and enthusiasm summon their attendants and form a tribunal to judge of my conduct! I indulged in two hands of cards, played with my friend X. four games of back-gammon, and danced for a considerable portion of the evening. These were my sins. Now pronounce your anathemas. Conscience tells me that it was an innocent hilarity. My happiness was increased by social intercourse, and I humbly conceive that this is more consonant with the precepts of him who at the marriage-feast converted water into wine than is the austerity of a monk."

In a diary of 1800 the entries are, "Rose early," "rose at half-past six," "read 'Essay on Population,' Newton's dissertation on self-love, Greek Testament, 'Characteristics of Theophrastus,' Priestley's 'Observations on Education,' Dr. Johnson's beautiful tale of 'Rasselas,' Williams's 'Life of Christ,' Dobson's 'Life of Petrarch.'"

In the first diary kept while living in Chelsea there appears a development of active affection towards his parishioners, especially the poor and sick. The manly piety, the promise of his young manhood, ripened into deep interest in the spiritual welfare of all his families. He kept up the regular monthly catechism of the children, "the lambs of my flock," on a week-day. His style of writing, even in his journal, continues stately, like that of a man fully in earnest in his church work, feeling heavy responsibility.

"Dec. 31, 1801. In a few hours the present year will be closed. How different are the reflections which will now be made by various individuals! \* \* \* May He to whom I am indebted for every moment of life, and every happiness, grant me His blessing, that I may accomplish the design of my being, and unreservedly confide in Him in this life, and may He admit me hereafter to His presence forever!"

"This book, I intend, shall contain a faithful transcript of my conduct and the operations of my mind and heart, and the progress I make in knowledge and virtue."

"In Boston to hear the Thursday lecture."

"There is a great diversity of character among my people. I will invite them separately and in turn to view themselves. Closed the day by reading in the 'Epistle to the Hebrews,' with the 'Commentary of Grotius.'" "My life passes with few changes and, I fear, with few improvements." "I have been pleased with some parts of the writings of Baron Swedenborg."

The "Parish Records of Chelsea," under date of May 10, 1826, state that "all transactions relating to the parish previous to this date are recorded with the town records."

Dr. Tuckerman was the town clerk during the greater part of his ministry in Chelsea.

The present society, however, holds his record-book of some details of his church history, with his lists of names of parishioners who were baptized, who were admitted to communion, and who died during his ministry.

It begins, "At a regular meeting of the Church of Christ in Chelsea, held in the meeting-house June 28, 1801, the church unanimously elected Joseph Tuckerman to be their pastor."

"August 24, 1801. The town met and passed a vote of concurrence."

"October. The church tarried after divine service and appointed Wednesday, the 4th of November, for the day of ordination."

"June 1, 1802. Deacon Harris, Deacon Cheever, and Joshua Cheever, Jr., having been previously appointed by the church, attended me as delegates to the ordination of William E. Channing to the pastoral care of the church in Federal Street, Boston. I gave to Mr. C. the right hand of fellowship."

Among the baptisms recorded are those of the sons and daughters of the minister. Among the names of communicants are those of several of the Tuckerman and Cary families. In the list of deaths are named his first wife, Abigail, and their eldest child, Susan Parkman. On one sheet is noted

the fact that in 1814, of fifty-nine persons of his parish who had died, thirty-two, or more than half, had attained the age of sixty years; more than one-third had lived above seventy years; ten were between eighty and ninety years old, and one (a black man) was supposed to be a hundred years old. He records from 1814 to 1826 names of eight persons between eighty and ninety years, five between ninety and one hundred, and one of a hundred and one years of age.

Dr. Tuckerman was pastor in Chelsea from his twenty-third to his forty-eighth year. That period covered his years of strong physical and mental activity, and were to him years of great spiritual growth. While faithfully promoting the only church of his town he was preparing himself for his future great Christian mission. He was himself rich, and his wife's family, the Carys, were perhaps the richest family in Chelsea. Their farm covered a thousand acres of land, on which is now built a populous part of New Chelsea. Their mansion was on the southern slope of Powder Horn Hill. And so, by position and wealth, Dr. Tuckerman was probably the most influential man in all the town affairs of Chelsea until the date of his removal to Boston. Yet he was all the time learning the supreme value of the human soul, whether hidden under the laborer's frock or the street-boy's soiled jacket, or budding in the neglected infant on the roadside, as dusty as the dog it played with. With aristocratic influences about him in young manhood, and temptations all along in life to assume superior claims, he was democratic to the core. In both Chelsea and Boston he made himself the confidant of the poor by his sincere and unstinted Christian sympathy. His quarter-century in Chelsea was made up of steady, daily study and thought and outside work. Difficulties, wearisomeness, sometimes a wish for another field of labor, came to him. It was a period of much domestic joy and continued social happiness, and happiness in fellowship with cultivated Christian ministers. Dr. Tuckerman and his wife made a European trip in 1816. The only journal of his travels is contained in his letters home to relatives and acquaintances. These letters were

thoughtful or versatile, to suit the friends to whom he wrote them. He kept in mind their differing ages and dispositions.

During his later trip to Europe in 1833 he enjoyed writing in diary or in letters to his wife about the places they had together visited, and noting the unchanging natural scenery, the stationary population, or the late, new growth of some towns in size or in moral standing.

He entered on the first page of a "Scripture text-book" this resolution, viz.: "Sept. 30, 1818. I resolve, by the assistance of the grace of God, every morning before I take my breakfast to select a text or a portion of Scripture for the improvement of my thoughts when I am not engaged in my studies; but especially with reference to my own improvement as a Christian, and to my disposition, conversation, feelings, and conduct as a husband, a father, and a minister of Jesus Christ."

He kept up his "book of texts" till Sept. 30, 1819.

In 1819 Dr. Tuckerman took a trip by sea to Charleston, S. C., to preach the ordination sermon of Mr. Samuel Gilman in the Unitarian Church in that city. On ship-board he was interested in the ~~officers~~ and crew. He learned that ~~none~~ of them really enjoyed their mode of life. The officers, besides earning their monthly wages, had a satisfaction, not to be found in occupations on shore, in the possession of arbitrary power over the will and acts of the crew. He thought that they took pleasure in giving the necessary orders with needless sternness, and that they were callous to the infliction of hardship and even of suffering upon the sailors. The seamen told him that they always shipped for a new voyage with regret. Their trade was likely to abound with exposures and perils. They said that they were disposed to make the best of their vocation, being unfitted for almost any other. Seeing the temptations which lurk about the sailor's feet in every seaport, Dr. Tuckerman then originated in his mind the plan which he later developed and put into an actual institution, viz.: a scheme for a Home for Seamen in every large port in the United States. He began by opening, with the help of merchant friends, such a home in Boston.



"November 15th. This afternoon I preached on deck."

In Charleston he visited the private schools, the "City Orphan House," and the buildings of other prominent charitable societies. He learned the Southern laws and usages in educating the people, in maintaining the poor, and in restraining criminals. His heart bled and he wrote words of severe condemnation when he saw the real conditions of slavery — the slave hovels, the slaves at work, the slave auctions. One day he saw several black men, women, and children sold at the auction-block. In the adjoining shed horses were selling at the same hour. He heard the bid announced, "Three hundred and fifty dollars for this fine span." The slave-bid happened to be called at the same moment. "Only three hundred and fifty dollars for this fellow, a shoemaker, who will supply you with all the dancing-shoes you may want at Christmas."

The diary of Dr. Tuckerman while he was engaged in the "ministry-at-large" is full of interest, as containing the story of the small beginnings of that important charity — Union of the Unitarian Churches in Boston, and as telling of the good deeds of the philanthropists of Boston in 1826, some of whose names even are now hardly remembered. His entries for the first week are as follows: —

"Sabbath evening, Nov. 5, 1826. To-day I have entered upon the duties of a missionary to the poor of Boston, by the appointment of the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association. May God grant me the grace of His Holy Spirit to enable me faithfully to accomplish the duties of this office! To this service I humbly consecrate my time and the best faculties which God has given me. From this day my motto shall be 'To God and Christ in the Poor.' This morning I preached to the females in the House of Correction from Philippians iv. 6, 7, stating and illustrating the duty of prayer. My points were, 1st, the consideration of God as our Creator; 2d, the thought of the parental character of God; 3d, reference to our condition as sinners. I had a very attentive audience. In the afternoon worshipped at the Fed-

eral Street Church. Passed the evening at Deacon Grant's house, with the Association for Mutual Improvement."

On Monday Dr. Tuckerman began the practical work of his ministry. "Monday, Nov. 6. A headache. Called on Deacon Grant, with whom I visited Mr. Savory in Hanover Street, and Mr. Dean in Destelhouse Square. Received a committee from the Society for Mutual Improvement to consider the expediency of establishing a Sabbath evening lecture and a plan for conducting it. Tuesday, 7th. Called on Mr. Parkman and Mr. Williams. Afternoon, considered means of suppressing intemperance. Received visit from Mr. Sawyer. Too weary for a walk. Evening, attended a meeting at the Common Council room to consider the practicability of attempting more than has yet been done for the suppression of Intemperance. I addressed this meeting."

"Wednesday, Nov. 8th. Attended Mr. Ripley's ordination. Afternoon, visited Mr. Dean and Mr. Savory, with the last of whom I prayed. From 5 to 8.30 p. m. at Mr. Barrett's with the Wednesday Evening Association. Till just before 10 with Brother Channing."

"Thursday, Nov. 9th. Morning, read Chalmers on the 'Economy of Great Cities.' Evening, met the teachers of the Sabbath School under the superintendence of Mr. Fred T. Gray; twenty-five present. I am to receive from them written information as to the attendance at some religious service of the parents of our pupils. At the close of the evening passed a few moments at Gustavus's with the 'Friendly Book Society.'"

"Friday, Nov. 10th. At home with a very heavy cold. Prepared a report for the evening and read 'Chalmers.' Evening, met here a committee from the Association for Mutual Improvement. Arranged for Sabbath evening lectures."

"Saturday, Nov. 11th. Met Dr. Spooner and went with him to Mr. Hayward to look at the ward-room of Ward No. 3, and at a hall in Mechanic Place, and at a hall near the Mill Pond as places possibly fitted for Sabbath evening lectures. From 3.30 to 5 at Dr. Spooner's room with the joint commit-

tee of the Boston India Society and the subscribers to the fund for an India mission. Evening till eight was employed in preparation for a di-course to be delivered tomorrow morning to the females in the House of Correction. At 8 went to bed with headache and a heavy cold."

"Received a note from Mrs. Lee containing ten dollars for the poor."

On Sunday Dr. Tuckerman preached as he intended, and after passing a busy day he, at 10 p. m., returned home so hoarse that he could scarcely speak audibly. On Monday he kept house, unable to speak above a whisper; but he was busy at home with reading, writing, and receiving business calls. His reading was at this time almost entirely about the condition of the poor in America and in Europe, and of English and American prisons, and about the poor-laws of various countries. The Bible and some religious essays commanded a portion of each day.

The diary records frequent prayers: "O, my Father in Heaven, make me an instrument of good to the poor and vicious among my fellow-creatures! I ask it in the name of Thy Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

"Dec. 3d — Sabbath. This evening began our lectures in the Circular Building at the bottom of Portland Street. A large and very attentive audience. May God grant His blessing upon these exercises! I thank Thee, O my Father, that I have been permitted so soon to preach to those to whose religious instruction and happiness I have devoted myself!"

"Tuesday, Dec. 5th. Received note from Mrs. Daniel D. Rogers containing twenty dollars. Thanks be to God for this kind bestowment!"

"Thursday, Dec. 7th. Yesterday I walked beyond my strength." He consults the mayor of Boston about care of certain vagrant boys, and is answered "no jurisdiction." He writes "I must make another effort in this cause." He requests and receives aid in preaching from the senior class of Cambridge Divinity School. He almost daily calls on his poor in their homes, and he often goes to Chelsea to see old

friends, especially the sick and the inmates of the Poor-House. He records the report of the "Sunday School Union," that ten thousand pupils are in the Sabbath Schools of Boston and two hundred thousand in those of the United States. "Went to Dr. Walter Channing to see if Mr. Patterson could be received into the hospital. Mr. M. has promised to pray in his family. He is, I think, in a very hopeful state. May God crown the work with His blessing! Met Mr. Dwight at the House of Correction for the purpose of examining into the condition of the lunatics there and reporting to the Governor, with the hope of obtaining a legislative provision that the deranged shall not be confined in the cells of prisons."

"Thursday, Dec. 14th. Went out at about 9. Left notifications for a meeting here tomorrow evening for Brothers Channing, Greenwood, and Lowell. Went to Boylston Market to seek for Mr. Reed, Mrs. King's brother, but did not find him. Called on Mr. L. Dwight; called to see Mrs. Baker in Oliver Street, but she was not at home; called on Deacon Grant to inquire where I might find Mr. Wheeler, who has the charge of one of Mrs. King's boys, but obtained no information concerning him. Then visited Mrs. Gunnison in Salt Lane and was kindly received; also Mr. and Mrs. Wedger, who will attend our service at the Circular Building, and see how they like it, and on Mrs. Stacy in Friend Street, with whom I had a very serious conversation on the subject of intemperance. She promised that from that time she would drink no more ardent spirits. Left advertisements at the *Courier*, *Telegraph*, and *Register* offices of articles for sale at the House of Employment for the female poor. After dinner visited Mrs. Currie in Short Street, and called upon Mrs. Codman. This evening we have received the 'Friendly Book Society.'"

Family concerns are at times named in the diary, as on Thanksgiving day or on the Sabbath, and when "Joseph began this morning his apprenticeship with Messrs. Josiah Bradlee & Co." A few more records of daily work are

copied to show the industry and persistency of the minister-at-large.

"Saturday, Dec. 16th. Went to Mrs. Morrison to inquire of Miss Fitzpatrick about the children of Mrs. King. She had agreed to endeavor to learn where they are, but had not been able to find them. Bought a prayer-book for Mr. Mace. Went to Bacon & Richardson to ask if a box might go to a missionary in Calcutta free of expense in the 'Pagoda.' To Dr. Walter Channing to see about Mr. Patterson's admission to the Massachusetts General Hospital. Learned from him that Mrs. Patterson, who had been willing to have her husband go there, now thought it hard that he should be taken from her. Went to see Mr. Patterson, and then visited Mrs. Robbins in Brighton Street. Came home and wrote a rough draft of a letter to Governor Lincoln praying for a law providing for the clearance of our jails from lunatics, and providing for their support by the state in suitable places. After dinner visited and read from the New Testament to Mrs. Currie, an Irish woman, who cannot read. Visited Mrs. Smith and Mr. Mace. Inquired of Mr. Clarke about Mrs. King's children, but he knew not where they are. Returned at dusk, copied the letter to Governor Lincoln, and wrote my sermon for tomorrow evening. Thus has passed another week. May God of His mercy accept me in it!"

"Monday, Dec. 18th. Went to bed before 10 last evening and slept till 10 this morning. Called from house to house and found three families without church connections. Read from the New Testament at Mrs. Currie's house."

"Monday, Dec. 25th. Went to the prison in Leverett Street to see the pirates, particularly White. He, however, refused to see me. Mr. Savory wishes me to perform his funeral service after his death. Read to Mrs. S. a very interesting letter about her son. O, how beautiful was the look of gratitude which lighted up her pale, emaciated face and glistered in her eyes as she listened!"

"Tuesday, Dec. 26th. Again to the prison. Colson, the pirate, refused to see me. Unwilling, however, to go away I

entered the cell, assuring him that I came as a friend, not to reproach him. I remained with him twenty minutes; and he consented to see me again tomorrow. I never witnessed any depravity to be compared with his."

"Wednesday, Dec. 27th. Visited Colson. He was greatly softened, and used no improper language. He owned the compunctions of conscience he had felt in times of storm and danger. He told me he had attempted to pray; I prayed with him."

"Thursday, Dec. 28th. See Colson daily. He is greatly softened to-day. He told me he had never been happy; his life had been a miserable failure. His sleep is now short and broken; he reads his Bible much in the daytime, and often prays."

"Friday, Dec. 29th. Visited poor Colson. He is deeply penitent, and when I talked with him of God he trembled. He dreads the coming end. The keeper left us together, when I prayed with him, and he distinctly repeated my 'amen.' His parents are religious, Methodist people; has five brothers and two sisters in Maine."

"Saturday, Dec. 30th. To-day Colson's father accompanied me in my visit to his son. I will not attempt to describe the scene that ensued. The cries and tears, the prayers and entreaties of this broken-hearted man would have subdued the most obdurate heart. Mrs. Currie said to-day to me, 'I heard you preach on Monday evening; it was plain; I could understand it.' This artless expression of the poor, illiterate woman was very gratifying to me."

"Sabbath, Dec. 31, 1826. This morning I visited Colson. Earnestly I prayed with him. He wept and sobbed. I think him honestly contrite."

A most earnest prayer closed the diary for 1826.

"January 2, 1827. Attended a funeral in a Catholic family where the priest refused to officiate because he had not been called before the husband's death. Visited Colson. I bless Thee, O my God, for the intercourse I have had with this man; and if I have been an instrument in affecting his

heart rightly towards Thee, to Thee be all the praise! Colson has written a letter to his father; but I thought Mr. C. would not be able to decipher it and I copied it."

"Friday, February 9th. Went out to obtain subscriptions for the support of the school in Scott's Court for children too old for the primary and not qualified for the grammar schools. Collected forty-nine dollars. Passed the evening at Dr. Channing's with a large circle of ladies and gentlemen, who formed a society to help me visit. My Father in Heaven, I thank Thee for this day!"

"Sabbath, February 11th. Last evening I went to bed, ill, during tea-time, and slept with little interruption till 2 p. m. to-day."

"February 29th. Called on Mr. Mace, Mr. Brewer, Mr. Sharpe; also on Dr. Flagg. Went to Broad Street to find Mrs. Taylor, who came to see me yesterday to inform me that her husband is in jail, and to ask my assistance. I could not find her. Went to Winnessimet Ferry to see the Misses Hunt. They belong to Mr. Parkman's society and the Methodist church. Visited Mr. Evans, Mrs. Wise, Mrs. Moreland. Called to see Miss Hamatt, who has been here to say she will seek aid for Mr. Savory. Saw Mr. Patterson. Afternoon, saw Mr. Thompson and wrote at home. Passed the evening with the Misses Cabot and some other ladies who will help me visit."

"February 21st. Went to Deacon Grant's store to arrange blank-books for visiting committee of the school society. Received from an unknown lady thirty dollars for the poor. Spent most of the forenoon about disposal of poor Mr. Savory's effects to the best advantage for his family, and about the furniture of Mrs. Savory's sister. Called on Mr. Stedman respecting White, alias Barmester, who is in the House of Correction for stealing from Mr. S. Passed this afternoon at that institution."

"March 8th. Received twenty-two dollars from Miss S. for the Savory family."

"March 9th. Passed this evening at Julien Hall devising means for the suppression of intemperance."



"March 16th. Went early to market. Went to my lecture-room to meet some boys who had been detected in a long course of stealing. Their poor mothers were present. It was a very affecting meeting. Passed the evening at Dr. Channing's with the Sabbath School teachers."

"March 20th. At noon called on Mrs. Eliot to solicit aid for Mrs. S., who wishes to open a milliner's shop. She gave me fifteen dollars for Mrs. S. and five dollars for general purposes. I came home very feeble."

"March 22d. I have been very unwell to-day. Visited Mrs. B. this morning and preached the Thursday lecture, but since have been at home, hardly able to sit up."

"March 26th. Morning, visited Mrs. N., whose husband was sent last week to the House of Correction for intemperance. Various calls made. Passed this afternoon in the House of Correction. While endeavoring to comfort Mrs. Allen there I saw a very respectable woman waiting to see her only son, twenty-two years old, who is inside for intemperate habits. I also saw a constable pass in leading a well-dressed young man, a son of one of our very respectable citizens. I went up stairs and saw in a cell another young man who is sentenced to six months imprisonment for intemperance! He told me he contracted the habit of drinking at the Washington Gardens. Evening, attended temperance meeting at Julien Hall; home at 10.25. I hear that Miss B. has eloped from the boarding-place provided for her."

"Thursday, March 29th. This afternoon I met the children at my lecture-room to pass a 'pleasant hour' with them. The room was about half-full of young persons. I told about John the Baptist, his dress, food, etc. My object is to experiment whether I can keep alive the interest of the children for an hour. They seemed to be well pleased. Much fatigued when I came home."

"Sabbath, April 1st. Last evening went to bed at 6 o'clock and did not rise till after 12 to-day. Have been very unwell through the day. Evening, I preached on 'Confession.' A large and very attentive audience. I rode to and from lecture.



Mr. Sampson made the first prayer, Mr. Greene the second, and Mr. Gray read the hymns."

"April 4th. To-day I have taken half of Dr. Channing's pew, that is four seats, for which I am to allow twenty dollars per annum. This money I am to expend in tracts for the poor, and I intend to expend five dollars per quarter for this object, and to charge this expense quarterly to my account of family expenses."

"Fast Day, April 5th. This has been a very unsatisfactory day; my mind has been in a torpid state. I expected that Dr. Channing would have preached for me in the afternoon, but at noon I learned that he could not, so I myself preached the sermon, but oh, how poorly!"

"Friday, April 6th. A most depressed day!"

"Saturday, April 7th. This afternoon met about sixty children at my lecture-room for a 'pleasant hour.' This evening have been preparing for tomorrow. I shall preach for Mr. Gannett in the morning."

"Sunday, April 15th. Heard Dr. Channing this morning and Mr. Gannett in the afternoon. Preached at my lecture-room in the evening on 'Concern for our Souls.' I think that I never, on an ordinary occasion, preached with equal immediate effect. Many tears were shed. I preached from this subject to prepare my people for our new series of Wednesday evening meetings of Christian sympathy. Hope the people will take part in the speaking. I mean to call them 'The Friendly Meetings,' and I am hoping, through God's blessing, that they may make a genuine revival of religion amongst us. May God give His blessing to our efforts!"

"April 22d. Made sixteen visits. Applied for cure by a medicine for two drunkards. Called on the mayor to ask for a revision of the law respecting vagrant boys and their admission to the School for Juvenile Delinquents. He said there was a difficulty in the case, and that he would attend to it. Visited the Eliot School with the mayor. Passed an hour and a half this afternoon in trying and reproofing four boys who had broken into a primary school and destroyed the records, etc."

"April 28th. Visited through the morning. At 3 p. m. gave a lecture on Natural History to the children in the lecture-room. At 4 p. m. started for Chelsea to attend a funeral. Passed the evening with the school association at Mr. B.'s house on Fort Hill. I am almost utterly worn out."

"April 29th. Made six visits. Persuaded Mr. C. to take Dr. Chambers's medicine to cure his intemperance. Obtained Mr. Eliot's bed at the hospital for Mr. M. Went to House of Correction to persuade Mrs. Y. to take Dr. Chambers's powder cure. Mrs. Y.'s husband is at sea, and he put her there to keep her from temptation during his absence. She has two young children. Received ten dollars for a poor family. Mr. L. is completely reformed by using Dr. Chambers's Medicated Rum. He feels well now, and hopes he shall be a better man. Mr. S., also, is fully cured and seems very grateful. Mr. Ropes gave me eighteen dollars to pay for Chambers's medicine and two dollars for poor's purse. There is now a very remarkable disposition among the intemperate to be cured. Intemperance is a disease. Call it, if you will, a disease of the appetite, or stomach, or of the imagination; still it is a disease, and should be treated as such."

"April 30th. Met primary school committee at Deacon Grant's. Visited intemperate patients. To-day complained of two boys at the police court, by desire of their mothers. Both will be sent to the School of Juvenile Delinquents, South Boston."

"May 4th. Went to Hull to see what can be done to improve the religious condition there; preached there. The people agreed to call a town meeting to ascertain what the town will do for the support of public worship. They have a Methodist meeting once in four weeks, and public worship at no other time. Went at request of Deacon Grant to House of Correction with pardons for two prisoners. Went with Dr. Walter Channing to visit four of those cured from intemperate habits. Received three hundred dollars from an unknown benefactor for the cause of Christianity in India."

"October 19th. I am sorry that I have not been able

to keep my journal more regularly. Mrs. White came from Norwich, Conn., to secure for her two sons the benefit of Boston schools. They are not qualified for the grammar schools, and I have given her the primary school-books; and the mother is preparing them to enter soon the grammar schools. She is a poor woman who has been here eight weeks, and gets her living by picking hair.

"October 23d. Collected eight dollars for my Oneida Indian friend, by name Lucy C. Dennis."

"Monday, Dec. 3d. Last evening preached the quarterly charity lecture on 'Pauperism Among Us,' and offered my services as almoner of funds. To-day four persons left in my hands seventy-four dollars for charity by my methods. Met with the Peace Society. For poor's purse Mr. T. gave me one hundred dollars, Mr. E. forty-five dollars, Deacon M. five dollars. Sent John W. to Beverly to the care of the overseers of the poor there. Paid his stage-fare. He is eleven years old — a very bad boy."

"May 15, 1828. Visited Weems in State Prison; took a letter to him from his brother."

"June 9th. At U. S. Court attending trial of Capt. Drew. After hearing all the testimony the Judge instructed the jury to render a verdict of 'not guilty.' I walked away with Capt. Drew, gave him my parting advice, and left him with Mr. Bailey, one of the ministers of Nantucket."

After this date the diary grows very brief — often less than a line to a day. It speaks of continued service to the poor and to vagrants, frequent visits to hospitals, prisons, and schools. Often the entry tells of headache, colds, growing ailments, and great fatigue.

"November 9th. The first Sunday of the third year of my service as a minister-at-large. We have dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, and to the Christian instruction of the poor, the new chapel in Friend Street. My Gracious Father, Who hast so greatly prospered me in my way, I now solemnly renew the dedication of myself, my heart, my life, to Thee and to Christ in the poor. And while I preach to

others may I maintain constant self-inspection, self-government, and Christian simplicity and integrity, so that I may not myself be cast away!"

"November 16th. Met in Dr. Gannett's study a committee of the benevolent societies of the churches to consider if another minister-at-large should be appointed. I was authorized to engage the service of a gentleman for six months, with an assurance of three hundred dollars salary for that time, as a trial of his suitableness and of his inclination to give himself wholly to the work. If he shall prove acceptable a suitable life salary will be provided for him."

"Mr. J. P. has engaged to pay the board of Francis K., beginning Nov. 21, 1828."

So finishes Dr. Tuckerman's journal of his ministry-at-large in his half-filled blank-book. At the end is a directory of some of his parishioners, with the story of their families.

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### MRS. BOOTH.

BY REV. E. P. PARKER.

PERHAPS a few words concerning Mrs. Booth, whose funeral services have been recently attended, may not be unwelcome to your readers,—especially as no true appreciation of her character or services has been manifest in any notices of her death and burial that have come under my observation in American papers. Because vast multitudes of plain people, in town and country, eagerly desired to pay their grateful homage to her blessed memory, and because arrangements were made to allow them to do so, her funeral has been jocosely referred to as a first-class advertisement of the Salvation Army. All such squibs merely show that their writers know as little of the real aims and true spirit of the Salvation Army as of the very noble and most remarkable woman whom that vast army mourns as one mourns for a mother.

Mrs. Booth was born at Ashbourn, in Derbyshire, in 1829,

and, after suffering severely from a cancer for more than two years, died at Clacton-on-Sea early in the present month. In 1885 she married the man now known throughout the world as General Booth, the chief officer of the phenomenal Christian host known as the Salvation Army.

He was then, and for several years thereafter, a minister of the Gospel in what is called the Methodist New Connexion. The first great crisis in Mrs. Booth's life, of which the public knows, was the long and severe struggle in her own soul which issued in her public appearance as an advocate of the claims of Jesus Christ upon the love and life of the common people. This occurred about the year 1860, and has been modestly but graphically described by her. After long hesitation between the sense of duty and the feeling of insufficiency, she came at length to an intelligent and irrevocable decision, and with great fear and trembling first ventured to speak openly for Christ at the close of one of her husband's services. "My wife wishes to say a word," was his simple introduction of her, for in his great agitation of mind he knew not what else to say. From that day she continued her public preaching, and therewith her earnest advocacy of the right and privilege of women to use their voices, in speech as in song, in public as in private, in testimony of Christ. If ever man or woman was *called* to preach Jesus, I think she was so called. If ever man or woman's preaching of Jesus was justified in good results and sealed of the Holy Spirit of God, I believe her preaching was so justified and sealed.

When the conference refused to reappoint Mr. Booth to evangelistic work, to which he felt called, he resigned his pastorate, and for four years he with his wife traveled from place to place, conducting evangelistic meetings wherever they found opportunity. In 1864 they went to London and began the mission work which in time developed into the Salvation Army, amid boundless ridicule of mankind. In the mighty and manifold work of that earthly-ridiculous but heavenly-sublime movement, Mrs. Booth has spent her many

years and her great energies and gifts, turning to righteousness—how many? Both as speaker and writer has she toiled unremittingly. Such books as her "Practical Religion," "Aggressive Christianity," "Godliness," and "Life and Death" were read by multitudes, for they were readable. Her great heart's desire and affection were poured out in them simply and freely, and no less the wealth of a precious mind aglow with Christian sanctity. Her addresses were trumpet-calls whose echoes will be heard far on into the eternal.

One most remarkable peculiarity of this woman in her ceaseless toil for Christ's sake was her mediatorial and reconciling position between the higher and lower classes in her country, for she finally found her way and welcome to the drawing-rooms of the rich, no less than to the slums of the poor and degraded. With the one class she pleaded for their consecration of wealth and personal devotion to the service of Christ in ministering to the poor and wretched. With the other she pleaded for renunciation of sensual indulgences and a kindlier feeling towards their wealthier neighbors, upholding Christ to both classes as their common friend and Saviour.

All this while she not only did not fail in any domestic duties, but proved herself to be a most exemplary wife and mother. She was able to rejoice in making a happy home for her husband and for eight children, and in seeing those eight children growing up in the strength and beauty of Christian character and service. And, while thus presiding in her own home, she succeeded in ministering to innumerable other homes so as to redeem and sanctify them. Indeed, her strongly expressed ideas as to the ordering of household life and the training of children therein have made the deepest impression upon the people by whom she was surrounded. Thousands of young women have been lifted out of low and hopeless grooves of life by her instrumentality, and set in ways of purity and devotion.

Most remarkable, and pathetic, too, is the almost boundless personal affection felt for Mrs. Booth by multitudes of all

classes in England. It is questionable if any other woman in that kingdom was more universally respected or intensely beloved.

Read the following characteristic note which she sent from her death-bed, and which appeared in the *War Cry* of October 4:—

*My Dear Children and Friends:*—I have loved you much, and in God's strength have helped you a little. *Now at His call I am going away from you.* The war must go on. Self-denial will prove your love to Christ. All must do something. I send you my blessing. Fight on, and God will be with you. Victory comes at last. I will meet you in Heaven.

CATHERINE BOOTH.

Oh, thou brave, unconquerable, all-conquering woman! Christ's faithful servant! God's saintly soul! most beautiful and powerful in loving and wise ministrations to humankind! May thy mantle fall on some like-minded! What a beautiful light is this in our dark-enough world, and in view of it how paltry are whole libraries of Christian "evidences" and apologies! I find her fit epitaph in the old Scriptures:—

"The law of truth was in her mouth, and iniquity was not found in her lips; she walked with me in peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity."

A word as to that Salvation Army—no longer quite ridiculous, it seems. Having looked into it somewhat in England, having seen its homes for the outcasts in Whitechapel regions, having read some of its fresh gospel literature,—yes, *literature*, terse, idiomatic, direct, forcible, and fervent—and having stood many a time with great swellings of heart in its street meetings, I bear witness to its extraordinary adjustment of spiritual forces to the real needs and welfare of the great masses of people among whom its laborers devotedly toil. If there is, to-day, in England, any organization in which Jesus Christ, in the power of His spirit, is going up and down among the same classes of people to whom He ministered while here on earth, doing them good in the same ways that He first followed, it is the Salvation Army! How



about its uniform, and its drums, and its bugles, and its wheezing melodeons, and other like crudities? Ah, well! Its uniform is somewhat less picturesque than that seen in many cathedrals, and — did it ever attempt to waste large quantities of wax and other candles by burning them at midday in its tabernacles? And, having repeatedly witnessed the now almost unintelligible jargon of worship in St. Paul's Protestant Cathedral in London, without emotions stronger than that of indignation, I, for one, have nothing to say to that question about drums and bugles. Perhaps it is high time for drum-beat and bugle-blast in the great highways of England and of a dozing, mumbling world of Christian spectacles and pantomimes.

### CHILD MARRIAGE IN INDIA.

#### THE TRUE REMEDIES.

IN the November number of *LEND A HAND* we published in a condensed article Mr. Malabari's letter and two others from an "exceptionally well-informed" correspondent of the *London Times* on Child Marriage in India. The third letter of this correspondent was published in the *Times* of October 10, and is so exhaustive that we print it almost in full.

"We have seen that the Hindoo marriage system was, in its historical aspect, a strongly-compacted system for the protection of Hindoo women during periods when protection, not independence, was the supreme need of woman in India. We have seen how that system deliberately organized a compulsory safety for the sex on the compulsory subjection of the individual woman. I have expressed my conviction that the legislative reforms now proposed for the evils incident to that system — evils which are yearly becoming more conspicuous in the new social conditions developed in India by British rule — are altogether inadequate to secure individual freedom of action either for the Hindoo widow or for the Hindoo wife. Are Hindoo women, then, to continue forever to be sacrificed as individuals to a compulsory system of subjection and protection devised in past ages for their safety as a sex? I answer emphatically, No. In



the present letter I propose to indicate the methods by which an improvement, gradual, but sure and effective, may be brought about in their lot.

"At this moment the Hindoo child-wife and the Hindoo widow find two powerful forces arrayed against any exercise of freedom of action. The first is the public opinion of their own community; the second is the *laissez faire* of the Anglo-Indian Legislature, which allows the Hindoo ecclesiastical law to inflict penalties upon Hindoo women for the lawful exercise of their civil rights. Let us assume for the moment that the additional evils inflicted on female minors in India by the British procedure for the restitution of conjugal rights are removed. Let us also assume that additional facilities are granted for the re-marriage of Hindoo widows. These legislative reforms would leave unchanged two overruling facts — first, that Hindoo public opinion is opposed to the exercise of the rights granted to Hindoo women by the British law; and, second, that the British Legislature leaves to the Hindoo ecclesiastical law the power of inflicting heavy penalties on women who dare to exercise their lawful rights. There will be no real improvement in the lot of Hindoo women until a change is wrought in Hindoo public opinion and until Hindoo ecclesiastical law is deprived of its power of legally punishing women for the lawful exercise of their civil rights.

"Permit me to illustrate the actual position of Hindoo women by a change which has taken place within our own times in the English marriage law. English statutory law declares that a marriage before a registrar is a lawful marriage, and thousands of respectable Englishmen and Englishwomen are married by that procedure every year. But if the English statutory law left it open to the old ecclesiastical law to declare such marriages unlawful, and to visit heavy public penalties on the parties by formal excommunication, and by refusing to admit them within the church-door, or to administer to them the Christian sacraments, on the ground that they are living in open sin, we should all feel that the enactment was an illusory enactment, and that the Legislature itself permitted its law to be made of none effect. Now, this is precisely what has taken place in India. The Hindoo Widow Re-marriage Act of 1856 declared the re-marriage of Hindoo widows lawful. But it has left to the Hindoo ecclesiastical law the power to legally forbid the re-married Hindoo widow

entrance to the temple, and to legally issue a formal act of excommunication against her and her husband, on the ground that they are living in open sin. The Anglo-Indian Legislature declares the re-married Hindoo widow to be a lawful wife, but it allows the Hindoo ecclesiastical law to lawfully treat her as a prostitute. The practical result is that the Anglo-Indian Act is made of no effect, and the Hindoo ecclesiastical law remains in possession of the field.

"This is not only, as I shall show, what has taken place in India, but it is also what would again take place if the legislative remedies asked for by the reformers were at once conceded. So long as Hindoo public opinion is opposed to the legislative enactments, and so long as Hindoo ecclesiastical law can punish persons who avail themselves of those enactments, an enactment on behalf of the Hindoo child-wife will remain as illusory as the enactment on behalf of the Hindoo widow has proved. While, therefore, I believe that the first point of attack is Hindoo public opinion itself, I am also convinced that a change in the attitude of the Anglo-Indian Legislature to the Hindoo ecclesiastical law is imperatively required.

"The opinion of the Hindoo community on the subject is based upon two sets of considerations. The old-fashioned, orthodox school take their stand on the religious and customary law of India. The more enlightened party base their opposition on the inexpediency of laying rash hands upon a marriage system which is really a strong system of protection for women, and which, alone among existing marriage systems, secures to practically every woman born within the respectable pale of the Hindoo community the support of a husband and the lawful *status* of a wife, as soon as she is physically fit for the duties of wedlock. Each of these influential parties has to be separately reckoned with. Nor should we be impatient if the process of reckoning with them takes some time. The true motive-power in every great change in the domestic life of a people, whether in Europe or India, is public opinion. But, even among a numerically small and comparatively homogeneous nation like the English, equipped with all the distributory channels of national thought furnished by a powerful Press, public opinion moves slowly out of its old grooves. In the huge aggregate of races and religions which we conveniently sum up by the comprehensive term Hindoo, the process is, under ordinary circumstances, still more tardy. Let any English-

man reflect on the almost imperceptible progress made during the long initial period of struggle for the abolition of religious tests at the universities, or for the abolition of oaths in public offices and in Parliament. He will then be able to appreciate the delays and the often-repeated defeats which must inevitably take place in what is regarded as an assault on the very foundations of the marriage system of the Hindoos.

"But if, under ordinary circumstances, public opinion moves slowly, there come times of awakening in the history of nations when an intellectual impulse produces its effects with startling rapidity. Such a time of awakening is represented in Europe by the Renaissance, and such a time of awakening is now going on before our eyes in India, amid the streams of light which Western thought and Western education have let in upon that land. All the educated sections of the community are aware that the Hindoo marriage system is upon its defence. The orthodox and the enlightened defenders of that system believe their separate lines of defence to be unassailable. No argument will convince the actual disputants that they are in error. But the knowledge that the argument is going against the older school shakes the confidence of the multitude in their traditional views, and is converting the rising generation to higher conceptions of woman's companionship in domestic life. I have carefully compared the literature which grew up around the Hindoo Re-marriage Act of 1856 with the opinions collected by Lord Dufferin when he contemplated a further step in 1885. The advance in public opinion which they indicated seemed rather to belong to two distant historical periods than to the same generation.

"For the reformers are pressing home their attack on both the conservative lines of defence. To the orthodox pandits they freely admit that the present system has the support of long-established custom, and that that custom derives its authority from the Hindoo Codes. But, according to the orthodox Hindoo principle, those Codes themselves are subject to the more ancient and more directly inspired Veda. The orthodox party are unable to disavow this principle, which was extremely convenient to it as long as a knowledge of the Veda remained its own exclusive possession. The reformers in India, therefore, boldly make the appeal back to the Veda from the customary law, somewhat, although not quite, as the reformers in Europe

made the appeal back to the Bible from the decrees and canon law of the Roman Church. In some cases the appeal has been made with signal success. Not only did they show that widow-burning found no support from the Veda, but they proved that the very text of the Vedic Hymn, on which the orthodox party had rested their case, excluded the idea of suttee, and commanded that the wife, having discharged her duties to her husband, should return to the world of the living.

"As regards the enforced and penitential celibacy of Hindoo widows, they believe that the appeal back to the Veda has been made with equal success. The most famous Brahman pandit of our age in Bengal, Iswara Chandra Vidyasagara (literally, the Ocean of Learning), declared, and supported his declaration by evidence, that the Veda gives no sanction to the cruel practices of infant marriage and enforced widowhood. The present learned Brahman Judge of the Madras High Court, Mr. Justice Mutiswami Aiyar, is not only of opinion that the Veda does not prohibit Hindoo re-marriage, but also that the process by which that prohibition gradually grew up can actually be traced in the Post-Vedic Codes. The appeal back to the Veda as against child-marriage has been pressed home with equal erudition and skill. The ancient formulæ in the marriage ritual are quoted to show that it contemplated the union of persons of an age which fitted them to enter at once on the duties of wedlock. I myself feel that a difficulty arises from texts belonging to the authoritative Sutra period, which intervened between the Vedic Hymns and the Post-Vedic Codes. However this may be, Hindoo public opinion is becoming cognizant of the fact that the most orthodox party have been met upon their own ground, and that the weight of learning and of argument rests with the reformers.

"It is a more difficult task to deal with the moderate and enlightened conservative party among the Hindoos, who defend their existing marriage system on the broader basis of expediency. They maintain that, judged by its general results, that system compares favorably with any marriage system in the world. They state with truth that it practically secures to every woman born within the respectable pale of the Hindoo community the protection of a husband and the *status* of a wife. They hold that the exceptional cases, in which a husband dies before the marriage is consummated,

or so soon afterwards as to leave his widow still a girl, form but a small price to pay for the certainty of a protected married life which the system assures to the great majority of Hindoo women. They contrast the returns of female crime in Europe with the comparative absence of female crime in India, where the number of women in gaol is but a small fraction of the number in England for each million of the female population. They point to the terrible statistics of prostitution in Europe, and to the almost total absence of that evil in the higher, middle, and lower classes within the Hindoo pale. They read with horror such revelations as those which filled the English Press half-a-dozen years ago, and ended in a too-famous trial. They learn that those revelations are insignificant compared with the immoralities which form the staple material for the French novelist's pictures of the society in which he lives.

"Look through the English magazines of any month, and you will find ample argument for a conservative Hindoo's opposition to changes which he thinks might tend to assimilate the marriage law of India to that of Europe. I am not instituting comparisons between the condition of women in Europe and in India. I freely acknowledge that the Hindoo, when he institutes such comparisons, often mistakes the accidental blemishes of our system for evils essential to it. What I say is that the educated Hindoo is forced into making such comparisons by every batch of newspapers with their divorce columns, and of magazines with their articles on the marriage question, and of weekly reviews with their notices of the latest French novels, which are poured over the length and breadth of India by every English mail. He takes the results of the larger liberty accorded to women in Europe exactly as he finds them stated for him by European writers. And he often thanks God that his own marriage system renders such a state of things unknown within the Hindoo community.

"Sometimes, indeed, he goes further than this. He has learned in our schools and colleges that the periods of sudden enlightenment for nations are apt to be also periods of the relaxation of religious restraints and of old-fashioned domestic morality. He is perfectly aware that India is at present passing through such a period of sudden enlightenment. He knows, as a matter of experience, that, during almost half a generation, it seemed doubtful whether Western

knowledge was not to be dearly purchased for his countrymen by Western habits of intemperance. Every one who had opportunities for closely observing native life during the first twelve years after the Indian universities began their work, must remember the terror in the minds of Hindoo fathers lest in giving their son a college education they were not making him a castaway. Drinking was then supposed to be as characteristic of the young Baboo as political declamation is now. A Bengalee play, entitled *Is this what you call Civilization?* (Ekei ki bale Sabhyata), still bears witness to the evils which then seemed to threaten the rising generation of English-educated Hindoos. From those evils the conservative party hold that their race was saved by the stern rules of caste, and by the moral influences of early married life. They contrast the safe, although sudden, spread of Western education in India with the dissolution of religious sanctions and of domestic morality which, during the very same period, have been concurrent with the sudden spread of Western education in Russia; the 'Kreutzer Sonata,' and other works of the Tolstoi evangel, with the writings of Rajah Sir Madhava Rao or Keshub Chander Sen. They ascribe their deliverance to the strong constraining influences of Hindoo family life, and, rightly or wrongly, they believe that those influences are based on its system of early marriage.

"These men cannot be answered by any scholastic subtleties. The only method of overcoming their opposition is by convincing them that the changes sought for will not weaken the domestic institutions on which they believe that their well-being as a race depends. The reformers in India are not slack in their efforts to do so. They admit the safeguards to morality which result from early marriage. But they deny that those safeguards depend upon infant marriage. No large and really influential section of the reformers is yet prepared to advocate the general postponement of marriage until full manhood and womanhood. The Hindoos perfectly appreciate the economic price which a country has to pay for early marriage. But with the reformers, as with the conservatives among the Hindoos, marriage is still regarded rather as a question of morals than of economics. The reforming party, therefore, does not urge the postponement of marriage to adult life. It only insists that the moral safeguards of early marriage do not necessarily involve the marriage

of little children of six to ten years of age. They believe that all the moral advantages would be derived if the age of marriage were deferred to about the age of twelve or thirteen for girls and sixteen for boys. They ask that, at any rate, those Hindoo parents who take this view should be protected by the law in carrying it into practical action.

"At present the law gives them no such protection. Even if an act were passed to-morrow declaring the marriage of Hindoo girls lawful after they have passed the age of puberty, the act would be of none effect. For the Hindoo ecclesiastical law would retain the power of legally inflicting punishment on any Hindoo father who dared to avail himself of the British-made act. This brings me to the second part of my argument. I have dwelt at considerable length on the force of Hindoo public opinion, and upon the strong grounds on which Hindoo public opinion rests, because I believe that no general improvement will be effected in the lot of the child-wife and child-widow unless that improvement is accepted by the general opinion of the Hindoo community. But having clearly stated this conviction, I come to the other remedy, a remedy which lies within the power of the Anglo-Indian Legislature. That remedy consists in giving to individual Hindoos who desire to avail themselves of the civil rights granted to them by British-made acts, a legal protection in the exercise of those rights against the penalties of the Hindoo ecclesiastical law. By the term Hindoo ecclesiastical law I sum up the complex growth of ordinance, usage, and procedure, which forms the religious side of the caste system, as distinguished from its social and commercial aspects.

"At present that law is as follows: If a Hindoo man and woman avail themselves of the British-made Re-marriage Act of 1856, three penalties are inflicted on them by the Hindoo ecclesiastical law. The first is a social penalty. The married couple, and such of their friends as have abetted their marriage, are cut off from social and domestic intercourse with their families and caste-people. It would be practically impossible for the British law to interfere with this social penalty. But there are also two religious penalties. The woman is denied admission to the temple for the performance of her habitual religious duties, as if she were living in open sin. An act of excommunication may also issue against the married couple



and their abettors, which completely cuts them off from all rights and privileges to which they were entitled as members of a Hindoo caste.

“Against these proceedings the British law affords them no protection. The unhappy wife may sit weeping, with her cotton garment thrown over her head, at the gate of the temple, an object of scorn and derision. The British law gives her no remedy. In regard to the act of excommunication the British law merely insists that the excommunication shall be issued in due form. In a well-known instance, in which an excommunicated Hindoo pressed his case up to the highest British tribunal in his Presidency, the result may thus be summarized: The Madras High Court declined to question the authority of the Hindoo priest to excommunicate. But the priest, in a fit of economy, had issued notice of the excommunication on a postcard. The court held that, by this too open method of notification, the priest had exceeded his privilege, and sentenced him to a fine of two hundred rupees for defamation under the Penal Code, or in default of payment to go to gaol. The British tribunals will recognize an act of excommunication, but they will punish excommunication by postcard.

“The real question before the Indian Legislature is not, therefore, to force on any general change in the marriage law against the wishes of the general Hindoo community, but to protect individual Hindoos who desire to avail themselves of the civil rights granted to them by British-made acts against the public penalties inflicted on them by the Hindoo ecclesiastical law. Unless the Indian Legislature is prepared to do this it had better keep silent on the subject. If it is willing to stand up against the Hindoo ecclesiastical law, it need make no general enactment. Any such general enactment would be, in my humble opinion, a most unwise experiment. The Indian Penal Code already contains abundant provision for the class of cases which would arise, in its clauses dealing with ‘wrongful restraint,’ ‘threats,’ ‘extortion,’ ‘intimidation,’ ‘defamation,’ ‘insult,’ and against words or acts with a view to wounding the religious feelings of another.

“To bar the passage of a Hindoo woman, married under the British Act of 1856, into the temple, might be ‘wrongful restraint’ under the Penal Code, but for the Hindoo ecclesiastical law. To threaten her or her husband or her friends with injury to their



reputation if they dared to avail themselves of that act would be criminal intimidation under the Penal Code, but for the Hindoo ecclesiastical law. To excommunicate her or her husband or her friends would be punishable under a whole series of sections of the Penal Code, but for the Hindoo ecclesiastical law. The question of questions for the Indian Legislature to decide, I therefore repeat, is not whether it will force a general change in the marriage system in advance of Hindoo public opinion, but whether it will protect individual Hindoos in the exercise of their statutory rights against the public penalties now legally inflicted on them by the Hindoo ecclesiastical law. I say this with a full knowledge of the practical action of such attempts as have already been made by the Indian Legislature with a similar end in view. The most important of them, Act XXI. of 1850, only protects rights of property and of inheritance from forfeiture or infringement.

"I now sum up. I believe that the Indian Legislature may safely remedy the two evils for which it is itself in some sense responsible. It may raise the age of consent to twelve in the case of female minors as against their husbands; and to thirteen in the case of female minors as against criminal assault by men who are not their husbands. It may modify the existing suit for the restitution of conjugal rights in such a way as to deprive it of the peculiar terrors with which it has been armed by British-made law. But before the Indian Legislature ventures on any real reform dealing with the Hindoo marriage system it must make up its mind that it will protect individual Hindoos against the Hindoo ecclesiastical law, in the lawful exercise of the civil rights granted to them by the British-made acts. If it does this, we shall then see whether there is any effective desire among individual Hindoos to avail themselves of the civil rights granted to them by the Re-marriage Act of 1856. It will also be open to the Indian Legislature to create additional facility for such marriages by means of registration. It will be open to it to consider whether the time has not come for assuming that if a Hindoo lawfully bequeaths by will his interest in his property to his widow she is entitled to re-marry without forfeiting that interest, unless the contrary appears from the will. It will be open to the Indian Legislature, by a brief Declaratory Act, to expressly recognize as lawful any adult marriages which might take place among

the Hindoos. But unless the Indian Legislature is prepared to protect individual Hindoos in the exercise of the civil rights thus granted to them against the public penalties inflicted on them by the Hindoo ecclesiastical law, it had better abstain altogether from interfering with the Hindoo marriage system. It may deal with the British-made age of consent and the British-made procedure for the restitution of conjugal rights; but until it settles what I have called the question of questions, it would be futile for it to grant civil rights, the exercise of which it does not dare to support in its own tribunals. I do not underrate the very serious issues which must be raised by any attempt of the British Legislature to step in between a Hindoo and what I have termed the Hindoo ecclesiastical law. No such attempt should be entered on without mature deliberation by the British Government. It must not be forgotten that Act XXI. of 1850 called forth protests from sixty thousand Hindoos in Calcutta and its neighborhood alone.

"In conclusion, it will be observed that the above measures (apart, of course, from the age of consent) are measures which do not force any change upon the general Hindoo community, but only enable individuals among that community to avail themselves of their civil rights if they desire to do so. I end as I began, by expressing my conviction that any general change in the domestic habits of the general Hindoo community must be preceded by a change in the general opinion of that community. In this aspect, the expression of public opinion which has taken place in England will react powerfully upon India."

# TEN TIMES ONE.

Look up and not down,  
Look forward and not back,  
Look out and not in,  
Lend a Hand.

## CHRISTMAS AMONG THE HEATHEN.

BY MISS ELLEN D. HALE.

TWO OF the Harden children went to evening meeting with their father and mother. They had never been at church in the evening before; but as this time there was to be a missionary meeting Mr. and Mrs. Harden thought that Matty and Tom had better go. None of the children knew much about missionaries, and all the oldest four wanted to hear about them. But Seth was not big enough to go, and Benny had to stay at home to keep him company, and see that nothing happened to the twins.

The next day both boys were anxious to know what had passed. But there were so many morning jobs to be done that for an hour or two there was little time for talking. Matty had to dress the twins and help get breakfast, and Tom and Benny had to bring wood and water, — the pump was a great way down

the road — and to do a great many errands for their father, because he was going off after mackerel. A for Seth, who was only seven, he had torn his jacket, and he did not want to give his mother the trouble of mending it. So he withdrew into the loft alone, and sewed up the place in a lump, and did not finish it till just as the school-bell began to ring. So it was not till the four were hurrying along Main Street together that they could hear and tell about the missionary meeting. For their father and mother had only said at breakfast that Mr. Johnson's discourse was a short one, and that they were partial to short discourses themselves.

"Well," said Matty, "it was something like meeting in the daytime, only better. We sang lots, — three or four times."

"Greenland's icy mountains,"

said Tom, who was a boy of few words.

"And there were three ministers," Matty went on, "and one told about the Indians, and two told about the heathen. One said the heathen were in Africa, and the other said they were at our gates."

"The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone,"

said Benny, who knew "Greenland's icy mountains" very well.

"That means idols," said Matty.

"They had 'em there to show."

"Little ones," said Tom. "Fearful ugly."

"Then they passed round the box," said Matty. "Father put in fifty cents. I'd have liked to have put something in, but I spent the last money I had for my winter stockings. Tom put in five cents. They said they wanted everybody there to do something for the heathen."

"What were the heathen going to do with the money?" said Seth.

"I thought heathen didn't have any clothes on, nor any shops," said Benny.

"'Twasn't for spending money," said Tom, "'twas to make 'em Christians."

"You see," said Matty, "'twould be awful not to be a Christian."

"I should like to make 'em Christians," said Benny, "every one. But heathen countries are ever so far off,

and so are Indians, except that man that comes with baskets, and he's a praying Indian. I'd like to go there myself when I'm grown up."

"He said he wanted us children to do something now, right off," said Matty. "He said when you have your Christmas-trees think how awful it is to be a heathen and not have any,—only nasty-looking idols,—and be wicked."

"He said there was heathen at our gates, too," said Tom. "I never saw none."

"If they were anywhere near," said Matty, "we might get 'em to be Christians somehow. We could fix 'em something nice for Christmas, and they might like it then. Sometimes they don't, and then they kill the missionaries—that is, those that go out to teach 'em."

"Like to see 'em kill me!" said Benny.

"They're black," said Tom; "horrid-looking!"

"There are black people here," said Benny, "'those darky children that live over toward Lydda. I don't know of any gates that way."

"There's a gate to their house," said Tom, "but it's off the hinges, and I don't believe he meant that."

"Do you mean the Silvesters, those darkies that don't come to school or meeting, or nothing?" said Seth. "Because they're hea-

thens. I know it. Cap'n Niles said so."

"Why, he couldn't have meant that!" said Matty.

"Yes," said Benny, "I was there, —'twas at the store, and he said like this: Old Daddy Silvester was a good old fellow, but the young ones have all grown up perfect heathens."

"Then perhaps the minister did mean the Silvesters," said Matty, "and didn't speak the name, so's to be more polite."

"Would they kill us if we went there?" said Seth, feeling rather uneasy.

"Couldn't," said Tom. "Hung for murder if they did."

"We can take the Testament," said Benny, "and we'll begin right off. I'm not scared a bit. I don't believe there's any of 'em bigger than Tom, and I guess we could knock most of 'em down easy."

"We'd better begin with a Christmas-tree, if we could," said Matty. "I don't think it's a good plan to knock 'em down. The Christians in the Bible didn't; and if we did they might think Christians were bad people."

"The minister didn't say anything about that, either," said Tom. At this moment they reached the school-house door, and their talk had to come to an end.

They did not forget the tree, however,—for a tree they all agreed

there should be—but gave it a great deal of thought. They had a month to get it ready in. Matty thought that after it was given, and they knew the Silvesters better, it would be easier to settle what kind of missionary work they should do. They did not know how many Silvesters there were, and Tom and Matty started one afternoon toward Lydda to find out.

They did not know exactly how to go about it. Tom proposed giving in at once and asking how many people lived there. But Matty thought that this might not be civil. Nobody went round asking such questions, she said, except the census-man, and he had a great book and spectacles, and the Silvesters would know they were different. Tom then suggested their sitting down opposite the house to see how many people went in and out. Matty thought this would not do, either; she was sure that the Hardens would not like it if somebody came and sat down on the wall opposite and stared at their house. So they walked on, feeling uncertain what to do, till they came to the top of a hill, at the foot of which the Silvesters' little house stood. They then stopped, feeling much more uncertain, for somebody was swearing very loud in front of the house, and both the children had often been told never to listen to swearing.

"But mother didn't mean the heathen, I don't suppose," said Tom.

"I didn't know the heathen swore," said Matty. "I thought they sang songs to their idols, and then the missionaries went right on—"

"And then they ate 'em up," said Tom. "But come along, that makes no odds."

They went a few steps nearer. The swearing continued, and they looked at each other doubtfully; they were not really afraid of being eaten up, but they were not sure if their mother would like them to go on. At this point they heard the noise of wheels behind them, and, turning round, they saw an old friend of theirs, who was generally called Uncle Billy Seymour, driving along on a load of seaweed.

"Don't stop here, children," said he; "'tain't pretty for little boys and girls to hear such talking as this. You go right home, and here's some beechnuts I've been keeping for you."

"But, Uncle Billy," said Matty, "we want to fix a Christmas-tree for the Silvesters, and we don't know how many children there are."

"Dear, dear!" said Uncle Billy; "Christmas-trees! The poor things much as ever know what Christmas is. They're reg'lar heathens. Yes,

make 'em a Christmas-tree if you like, and I'll give you some apples to put on it. I know how many there is in the family. There's Aunt Rose,—Granny they call her— and then there's Robert, and Sarah,—that's his wife—and Bill,—he's her brother—and Sam,—that's Robert's cousin—"

"I don't know about the grown-up people," said Matty, looking anxious at the length of this list; "we'd like to give presents to all the children."

"Well, there's Blanche Jane," said Uncle Billy, "and there's James, and there's the baby. There was two more, but they died last winter, poor things!"

"Then Blanche Jane must be the little girl I've seen," said Matty; "not quite as big as me."

"Yes; and James is smaller yet, but he's awful solid," said Uncle Billy. "Good-by, children. I'll have some nice apples for you, and Miss Seymour will make you some nut-cakes."

This set the children's hearts at rest, and they gladly started homewards, discussing their plans as they went. They must have one nice present for each of the Silvester children, and then, if possible, some smaller present for each of the grown-up people. Then everybody could have an apple and a nut-cake; for they rightly counted on Uncle

Billy's generosity. But how were the presents to be got? Not one of our four friends had a cent of money, and they had no prospect of getting any at present. In summer it was not hard for them to earn a great many honest pennies, picking berries, and doing odd jobs for the boarders; but now the boarders had all gone home, and there were no more berries to pick. And as they had to buy most of their own clothes for the winter, the money had all gone.

"Well," said Matty, "first let's think of what we should do if we had heaps of money, and then we'll see if we can do it without. I should like to give Blanche Jane a doll. I don't believe she has any."

"You've some old doll-babies, haven't you," said Tom, "and you don't ever play with dolls now?"

"I'm too big," said Matty, "and my dolls are all spoilt. The twins broke 'em. No, we'll have to get one some other way. I could make a rag-baby. But the head don't look good when I do that, — sort of flat; I don't have any luck marking faces. If I only had a head now, a china one, I think I could do it. You can get 'em for fifteen cents or a quarter, in the Harbor."

Tom received this information in mournful silence.

"Then," said Matty, "there's lots of things would be nice for

James, — trumpets, and little wagons, and games in boxes, and a scholar's companion, with a pencil, and a slate-pencil and rubber."

"That's no good," said Tom. "We can't get 'em far as I see — any of 'em."

"Then there's the baby, too," said Matty; "'twould be nice to give it a rattle."

Tom made no reply, and they walked on for some distance in silence.

When they turned the corner into Main Street they saw Benny and Seth advancing to meet them. They had been in the woods looking for a tree, and had found a very small hemlock, which would be just the thing.

"Oh, well," said Tom, still looking rather discouraged, "it ain't just the green tree we want. Folks have candles, and shiny dangles, and candy in bags, hanging up all over 'em. It's no good if you don't."

Nobody had anything to say about candles. But Benny had noticed, near the lobster-canning factory, some great heaps of shiny tin cut into all sorts of queer shapes, and he thought that if they could borrow a pair of shears they could make some lovely sparkling wreaths to hang over the tree. As for candy, everybody knew that Matty could make beautiful molasses candy;

molasses is cheap, and the children were not without hope that some of them could run errands enough for Mr. Jacobs, the grocer in the Square, to persuade him to give them a gallon. Seth then said that he was very fond of corn-balls, and that he knew how to make them; their cousin who belonged to the band had made some for their festival last summer, and had shown him how.

"Yes, and pop-corn on strings!" said Benny. "They always have that at the Sunday School Christmas-trees, some white and some pink—lovely!"

Matty was not sure about the pink kind; but she did think that popping-corn might be got somehow. The children now felt rather comforted, as a tree with corn-balls on it, and strings of white pop-corn, and Matty's candy, in or out of bags, and Uncle Billy's apples, and Miss Seymour's nut-cakes, and a beautiful shiny mist of tin shavings over all, is not to be despised by Christians or heathen.

They told their mother about the plan—"the secret" they called it—that evening. She said she would help them as much as she could, and that their father would cut down the tree for them and bring it over to Lydda, either on a sled or in the hand-cart he used to take lobsters about in; also, that there was a

Testament they might take over, which had been hers before Mr. Harden gave her a new one at the time they were married. The children were very much pleased at this; they knew very well that their mother had no money to give them, for now that Mr. Harden had given up his long winter voyages, he had not a great deal of that. Matty should make the candy whenever she wanted, Mrs. Harden said; but, knowing the nature of home-made molasses candy, she advised that this should be at the latest possible moment.

While they were talking about their plans Almira Davis came in; she was a cousin of theirs, and worked in the seine factory. She was much taken by the idea of the tree, and, being a very good-natured girl, offered to get some bits and scraps of new white net for them to make candy-bags of. The boys, being used to the big meshes used for cod and mackerel, said the candy would fall out of them, but Almira told them that if Matty made decently big pieces they would be in no danger of coming through the very fine meshes which she sometimes had to make. She was as good as her word, and sent them over some net by Benny the next week. It made very pretty bags—so pretty that Matty felt she must have some nice ribbon to tie them with. She had



one new piece of red ribbon, not very wide, which she had meant to make into a bow to wear pinned on her Sunday dress. She had another piece not so new, but which still could be worn. She had thought of tying the bags with that. But the more she looked at the two pieces the more she hated to give the worn piece to the Silvesters; besides, it does not seem nice to tie up things to eat with old ribbon. She took her scissors, gave a little sigh, and began cutting the new ribbon in lengths for the bags. As she was doing it she heard a knock at the door of her little room; she called it hers, though the twins slept with her there. They were in bed now. The person outside knocked again. "Sh," said Matty. "Oh, it's you, Tom; come in!" He was the one brother she was willing to admit after the twins were in bed.

Tom did not say anything at first. He put something shiny on the bureau, and turned to go out of the room. The thing on the bureau was a half-dollar.

Matty almost screamed in spite of the twins. She caught Tom by the hand, and prevented him from getting out. How could he have got anything so splendid?

We all know that in December few people want salt-water carried up to their boarding-houses, which had been one of Tom's principal

sources of income in summer; it was Benny who had agreed to run errands for Mr. Jacobs, and Seth who had taken another boy's place selling *Evening Visitors*, so as to get some popping-corn from him.

"Honestly come by," was all Tom would say that night. But after the four had joyously walked to the Harbor to spend it they accidentally found out. They had spent their money very discreetly; they had got a beautiful doll's head with real hair for Blanche Jane, and a trumpet for James, and, though rattles were too high, they got a splendid white canton-flannel rabbit, with something that rattled inside, for the baby; and there were five cents over. Seth, with a thought of his own grandmother, suggested getting a pair of spectacles for Aunt Rose, but the older ones knew that spectacles cost too much, and they decided to keep the five cents till the last moment, to use it for whatever seemed most important then. This, by the way, turned out to be sticks of red and white candy. When they had got home, and were opening the bundles to show to their mother, they were too impatient to untie the hard knots, and called for Tom's knife. He had a splendid knife; it had five blades in it, and a thing to take stones out of a horse's hoof, which he had not yet had occasion to use. A boarder had

given it to him, and he always had it on hand.

"Haven't got no knife," said Tom, turning red.

"Lost it?" said Benny, with scorn.

"I never," replied Tom, going on picking out the knots.

Matty knew he had not lost it. "Tom," she whispered, "did you trade it off?"

Tom made no reply, but left the room as soon as possible. Seth, however, who had been forbidden before, now felt at liberty to tell his sister that Frank Nickerson had been wanting that knife for two months, and had kept offering Tom money for it; and Tom knew 'twas worth lots more than half a dollar, and didn't want to part with it for anything either, for, as they all knew, he liked it better than anything he had, and was always making things with it. And he'd kept it as long as he could, so as to make little notions for the tree, but now Frank wouldn't wait any longer. So had ended the first mercantile transaction of Tom's life. He certainly had not got much for his knife in one way, but I think he got a great deal in another.

Everything now went on merrily. Mrs. Harden helped Matty to cut out the rag-baby; and it was a beautiful one, with joints at the knees, and elbows which could bend both ways,

and a slender waist, and little feet and hands; and they stuffed it with bran Mr. Jacobs was kind enough to throw in, as he said, with the molasses. Sethy thought this a dangerous plan, and was relieved when the bran came home in a paper bundle and the molasses in a stone jug. They had a glorious time popping the corn, and, though the corn-balls were not quite as round as one might wish, there was more variety in them than if they had been. The men at the lobster factory not only lent their shears, but contributed several large colored labels with pictures of lobsters on them, which served to make horns for the candy. Uncle Billy's apples and Miss Seymour's nut-cakes were all that could be desired; all the children felt and stifled a little pang at the thought that they were not going to have any of them. And at last Christmas Eve came. Matty made the candy; it really did turn very respectably hard, and they all started off for Lydda.

As they had no candles for their tree they thought it as well to start soon after dinner. Their father had tied the little tree on the sled, and dragged it along himself, two of the children on one side and two on the other. Benny and Seth had wanted to put the things on the tree before leaving home, but their father told them they would be likely to

fall off if they did. So each of the children carried a basketfull of pretty things. Mrs. Harden had sent a pie, and that was fastened on the sled with the tree.

When they came to the top of the hill where the Silvesters lived, they stopped by the roadside and arranged the tree. Though they had done this several times already, the last time of all just before they left home, to show their mother, they were more surprised than ever at seeing how very pretty it looked.

Their father then took it in his arms and carried it carefully down the hill, which was, fortunately, not very steep, and stopped before the Silvester house.

Nobody was swearing there now. It was all quite still.

The children asked their father what they should do. He told Sethy to go and knock; and this he did.

The door was opened by an old colored woman, in a white cap with ruffles such as Sethy had never seen. Behind her he could see two or three men. He felt rather frightened; but he knew his father was close by, and there were not any idols in the part of the house he could see from the door.

"I wish you a merry Christmas," said he. "We've got a Christmas-tree for Blanche Jane and James and the baby."

At this the old woman, who they afterwards found was Aunt Rose, seemed to be very much pleased. She gave Sethy a kiss, and asked his father and the others very politely to come in. The men behind her were polite, too, and wanted to help bring in the tree. Everybody seemed to be glad they had come, and when the children had got into the room (the Silvesters had only one besides a loft), and when the tree was set up on the table in the middle, and when Blanche Jane and James and the baby found that each of them was to have a present, and that there were pop-corn and candy and apples and doughnuts for all, the party became a very merry one. Blanche Jane was so pleased with her new doll that she could not speak, and stood in the corner taking off its clothes and putting them on again, and laughing to herself; as for James he walked round and round the Christmas-tree blowing the trumpet, and the baby shook the white rabbit till the thing inside of it rattled again and again. All the Silvesters were so pleased looking at the children that they laughed, and that made the Hardens laugh, too.

Nothing so far had been said about becoming Christians, and Sethy thought the others had forgotten it. His father was talking to Robert Silvester about getting a job of

work at the Harbor, and Matty was playing with the baby, and Tom and Benny were listening to Bill, who was telling them something about a trap. This did not seem to Seth much like being missionaries, and he felt that he had better begin at once. He still had his mother's Testament under his arm, and he went up to Aunt Rose. "Wouldn't you like to be a Christian, ma'am?" said he.

"My dear," said Aunt Rose, looking quite sad, "I call myself a Christian, but I'm a poor, miserable one."

"Well, wouldn't *you* like to be one?" said SETH, turning to the children's mother, who sat by Aunt Rose's side.

Now, when poor Sarah Silvester heard this something made her begin to cry, but very softly, so that nobody but Seth and Aunt Rose could hear her. She told Seth that two of her little children were dead, and that the baby had been sick lately, and she had been afraid it would die, too, and that they had had

a great deal of trouble; also, that she was afraid she had not been a good woman. But now, she said, that somebody else cared for the children, and wanted to make a Christmas for them, she would like to be a Christian herself, and she would, too. Seth did not quite understand what Mrs. Silvester said, and perhaps the poor soul did not quite understand it herself. While she was still talking to him his father said it was time to go home, and the children's first missionary expedition ended simply enough.

But next Sunday, when all the Silvesters appeared both at church and Sunday School, the little Hardens felt sure that the Christmas-tree had had something to do with it; and when Blanche Jane and James came to school on Monday they felt surer still. I do not think the Silvesters found it very easy to be Christians, — few people do; but they kept on trying, and it was the Christmas-tree which made them begin.

### ANOTHER "HARRY WADSWORTH."

THE hero of "Ten Times One is Ten," which has inspired hundreds and thousands to "Look up and not down," "Look out and not in," "Look forward and not back," and "Lend a hand," was

a plain, working man. The name Mr. Hale gives his hero, "Harry Wadsworth," has, for years, been the synonym for unselfishness, kindness in word and deed, and Christian integrity. The unvarnished story of

his quiet but useful life has been the nucleus around which have clustered multitudes of circles of young and old, the world over. They have taken his mottoes as their rule of living, and emulated the virtues of his character. Many have and do still think this "Harry Wadsworth" was only a creature of the imagination, formed in the wonderfully prolific brain of the author, but this is not so. He was a real flesh and blood hero. The name that marks his earthly resting-place is Frederic William Greenleaf, and his active life was spent in Worcester, Massachusetts, as freight agent on the railroad. Mr. Hale's own words best describe him: "The most manly and most womanly fellow, he, whom I ever knew, the merriest and the freshest and the bravest and the wisest, the most sympathizing when people were sorry, and the most sympathizing when they were glad."

He died in 1851, when a little over thirty years of age, but his memory is still fragrant in the hearts of all who knew him.

The object of this article is to tell of another "Harry Wadsworth," whose real name was Francis E. King, of Springfield, Massachusetts. He, too, was a plain, working man, superintendent of the street railway, and the description of the first "Harry Wadsworth"

might well apply to him. When a mere lad he manifested the traits of character which in his later life won the esteem of all who knew him, and gave him places of responsibility and trust. Strict integrity and entire faithfulness in the performance of every duty marked his life. It is said of him that, "while a great fair was in progress in City Hall for the purpose of raising money to begin worship at the North End, some valuable articles were found to have been stolen. It became necessary for some one to watch at the hall all night, and Mr. King, but a mere boy then, volunteered for the purpose. That spirit of readiness to fill any place of usefulness was characteristic of the man. He made a firm friend of every member of the committee from that time."

Later in life he came under the influence of Mr. Moody (while holding a series of meetings in Springfield), and the softening, refining effect of a whole-hearted trust in Christ as a Saviour, wrought in his outward life the change no other power can.

From this time on he was seen to have the true "Ten Times One is Ten" spirit. He "looked up" for direction under all circumstances; his eyes were always open to see the needs of others and his own opportunity to help. There was no time

in his calendar and no place in his heart for pessimistic notions, but always "Forward and Not Back" was his rule of action and his battle-cry. And to lift or lighten another's burden, to give courage to the faint-hearted by material aid, to take the hand of the wanderer and turn his steps, were the ready promptings of his heart. So that before he had ever heard of the four-fold mottoes their spirit characterized his daily life.

Many, to-day, in the city where he spent most of his life miss his willing hand, his sympathizing, helpful words and wise counsels. From the poor Chinese laundry-man whom Mr. King helped to settle his difficulties peaceably with his landlady; the young girl, daughter of a drunken father, who owes to him the opportunity to fit herself for more lucrative employment; the young working boy who longed for more education, and was able to take private lessons in the evening, through Mr. King's generosity, to the prominent business man, far above him in position, culture, and wealth, — in all classes of society are found witnesses to the power of his helpful Christian life. And the gathering one sunny Saturday afternoon in July, more than filling a large church, to pay the last tribute to his earthly remains, though a hundred times as large as a similar

gathering in the little town of North Colchester, many years ago, was drawn together by the same spirit of grateful remembrance, to do honor to him who had won their regard by helpful ministries.

Aside from all these, a most enduring monument to his memory, which will never crumble or be defaced, is in the hearts of the former and present members of the "Harry Wadsworth" Club, in Springfield, in the forming and perpetuating of which Mr. King was one of the most prominent leaders. Knowing so well the temptations surrounding street boys in the evening, it was largely through his influence that a room was provided, and books, papers, and games gathered, to which these homeless wanderers could be drawn.

For years this has been a haven of rest and good influences for boys who have no homes, and at the last annual meeting, just held, the only one from which Mr. King was ever absent, the whole time was given to tributes to his memory, many of the most touching being from young men, grown to manhood and occupying places of trust and honor, who first caught the spirit of right living in this club and from the example of Mr. King. At this meeting his pastor said he had asked several men what they considered the most prominent trait in

Mr. King's character, and had received the following answers from as many different persons: "Consecration, Friendship, Dispatch, Every-where-ness, Philanthropy, Persistency, Manliness, Reliability."

His own estimate of him was expressed in these words:—"I have known very many Christian men, but I have never met one who covered so many points, so well, as did our beloved friend who has gone away from us in so unexpected a manner. Others were more valuable at certain points, but, taken all together, for general efficiency, I have not seen his like. Always reliable, full of sincerity, great-hearted, ready for any work and for any part of it, even the hardest, energetic yet tender, decided but gentle as a woman, self-sacrificing and enthusiastic, never wanting when expected, true as steel, and

manly all through, intelligent and studious, ambitious in every good thing, wise in his counsel and of great discretion, lowly and reverent in his faith, and consistent in all,—this is, or was, Mr. King, who had endeared himself to me as a true yoke-fellow in the kingdom of the Master."

All these traits of character, subservient to entire submission to the will of an over-ruling God, made him a power for good over every life with which he came in contact. "If he had done nothing in his life but push forward the work among the boys, that would be of itself sufficient to stamp him as a man of great usefulness and power."

Though his visible presence is removed he will still live in the impetus he gave to the "Harry Wadsworth" Club of Springfield.

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NOVEMBER, 1890.

### MONTHLY MEETING.

THE monthly meeting of the representatives of Lend a Hand clubs was held October 27th at the LEND A HAND office.

The subject of the Montgomery Infirmary was first brought up. A letter was read from a gentleman expressing his great interest, and his desire to assist in providing proper

surgical instruments. A letter was also read from the wife of Mr. Hale, the founder, thanking the clubs and tens for their kind help in furnishing so many beds. About fifty dollars is still needed to pay for the beds which have been sent out.

A plan for taking invalid girls South and placing them in homes



where proper medical attendance can be had was presented. Many girls, who can pay their travelling expenses and board, cannot go so far alone. A physician of large practice some time since spoke of the necessity and great good of such an undertaking. A trained nurse, fitted for the position, must be provided, who will make several trips during the winter, and feel a personal interest in placing each girl confided to her in a good home in healthful surroundings. One hundred dollars has been given for that purpose, and more has been promised. The plan was favorably received, and it is thought that it will

be carried out this winter. About eight hundred dollars will be needed in all.

The "Noon Rest" occupied much attention, but no measures were taken. Mrs. Whitman reported on locality, but rents were too high in places where such a room is needed. The matter was referred to a larger meeting to be called the following week.

The monthly meetings are held at 12.30 p. m. the last Monday of each month at the LEND A HAND office, 3 Hamilton Place, and members of clubs and tens are cordially invited to be present and take part in the work.

#### CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES.

*Leaflets and Literature*, Mrs. Bernard Whitman; *Charities*, Miss Frances H. Hunneman; *Education*, Mrs. Mary G. Tallant; *Missions*,

Mrs. Andrew Washburn. These ladies may be addressed at the LEND A HAND Office, 3 Hamilton Place, Boston.

### REPORTS OF TEN TIMES ONE CLUBS, ETC.

#### BOSTON, MASS.

SINCE the last report of the Union Associates we have had six new cases, to whom we have given assistance.

One, a colored family, consisting of four persons, a mother and four children. The mother was very sick, and the oldest daughter was obliged to leave her place to take

care of her mother. The youngest daughter took care of the children. Our club took the case, and, with the assistance of the Associated Charities, provided fuel, food, and clothing, and also a physician. The club procured furniture, and found a good situation for the oldest daughter.

Our next case was that of an old



lady, who is very lame from rheumatism; we have furnished food and shoes for her.

In connection with the Associated Charities we have furnished food and visited a woman who is quite ill from rheumatism and hip trouble. Also sent clothing to her. She is able to help herself somewhat in making fancy articles for sale.

One of our members has made an immense stocking, and embroidered on the side the name of the club.

It is given in charge of one of the members, who is to ask all her friends to contribute in the way of toys or suitable gifts for children.

The stocking is to be sent to one of the homes or hospitals on Christmas. After distributing the contents the stocking is to be returned to the club, and another member is to take charge of it for the ensuing year.

The club is also making arrangements for a sale and old-fashioned supper, in order to get the requisite sum to furnish a room in the Home for Aged Couples. You will see by this report that this is the beginning of our winter's work.

Opportunities will probably present themselves to us, and we shall be glad to lend a hand to the sick, unfortunate, or to any one who needs assistance.

This club feels greatly encouraged by working In His Name. We feel amply repaid for our time and

trouble by trying to alleviate the sorrows of others who are less fortunate than ourselves.

#### BOSTON, MASS.

"OLD MAIDS" is a term which the public often applies to members of Working Girls' Clubs. But love is common, not rare, and Heaven has graciously

"Sowed it far and wide,  
By every town and tower,"

giving it, as the secret of solace and joy, not only to the rich, but to the humblest among us.

That all the members of the Shawmut Working Girls' Club are not destined to be old maids is proved clearly by the marriage of one of their members in October last.

This being the first marriage of the King's Daughters it awakened an unusual amount of enthusiasm among the members, and a reception was tendered at the club rooms. Rev. E. E. Hale, Rev. F. B. Allen, and others, were present.

The rooms were brilliantly lighted, and decorated with plants, consisting of ferns and palms, arranged simply and tastefully.

Taste was also displayed in costumes. No one was over-dressed, and the never-failing cashmere costume of various hues predominated.

When the happy pair arrived they were ushered by groomsman and

maid, while a wedding march was played.

They were then congratulated, after which the club-girls sang "The Peasants' Wedding March" in a spirited manner.

Refreshments were then served by King's Daughters in the lower rooms, where a table stood bountifully supplied, and effectively decorated with chrysanthemums and roses, relieved by masses of dark green.

The bride was presented with two solid silver table-spoons, a gift from the King's Daughters.

A poem written for the occasion was read, dancing was indulged in, and a general good time prevailed.

Showers of rice and the vigorous cheers of the girls showed the passers-by that something of unusual interest was taking place. The bride received many gifts from her girl friends and officers of the club.

The bride has left a loving remembrance behind her. Though absent, her influence is still felt, as she was one of the most earnest and sincere members, having worked faithfully as secretary of the King's Daughters and also as assistant secretary of the club. She was also leading soprano of our singing class, and was always willing to lend her voice during our monthly visits to the Homes of Aged People.

The King's Daughters are now engaged in a new scheme, in which

their brains must be *vigorously* used. They have determined to raise one hundred dollars to help carry on the work of the main club. They meet every Tuesday evening to work for the table at the club fair, which will take place at an early date. If any Lend a Hand clubs wish to contribute to this table their aid will be gratefully accepted for the furtherance of work done "In His Name." All contributions can be sent to Club, 401 Shawmut Avenue, care Miss S. E. Gardner, Superintendent, and should be marked for the King's Daughters' table.

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LANCASTER, MASS.

IN our last report mention was made of the intention of the "Neighbors" to aid in establishing a hospital in the neighboring town of Clinton, and this has been our chief work of the season.

We took upon ourselves the furnishing of one room, for which we have supplied all necessary bedding and furniture, also underclothing sufficient for its occupants. The oversight of this room still continues, and two of our number serve on the executive committee of the hospital.

In response to the appeal for aid for the Infirmary for colored people at Montgomery, Ala., the society sent a small contribution. One case of local destitution was relieved.

# INTELLIGENCE.

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## MASSACHUSETTS INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

### SECRETARY'S REPORT.

*Mrs. President and Sister Workers:—*

My report will be short this year, for we have not a great deal to tell. It is said, "Happy is the people whose annals are short." I doubt whether the same rule yet applies to Indian associations, but the time is coming when it will; when, by the gradual absorption of the red man into the common life of the republic, there will be little to do for Indians as Indians, and our associations will be extinguished like candles in daylight. When the day comes—and the air is full of encouraging signs of its dawning—in which the privileges of citizenship and law, the choice of work and home, are free to the red man as to the white, when he becomes an educated and respectable member of the community, as many of the race at this moment are, then our work will be done, and we may reverently thank the Lord, and turn our hands to other labor. If progress in this direction is as rapid in the next ten years as in those just past, this century, now so near its close, may see the virtual end of the Indian question. May God grant it!

But that He may grant it, we must never forget that work is the laboring oar of prayer, and that, far from slackening our efforts, we must work harder than ever. There is an immense deal yet to do on our old lines—education of the Indians on one hand, and rousing and training the public conscience on the other. Already Congress, that mirror of national feeling, shows a new impulse of justice and mercy towards these "wards" of the nation, but Congress is not

fully converted yet, and it is we rather than the House of Representatives who are on the "anxious seats" till such bills as those repairing the wrongs of the Round Valley and Mission Indians are passed *nem. con.*

That education is prodigiously on the advance under our present Commissioner of Indian Affairs is shown by the astonishing growth in Government appropriations for that purpose from twenty thousand dollars in 1876 to nearly two millions this year! Still, however, many tribes, yet scarcely touched by civilizing influences, need our care, and it is also for us to see, while the Government schools teach the mental and industrial arts, that their instruction is supplemented by lessons in religion, morality, purity, and temperance, without which the ordinary school work is of small avail in forming character, that highest end of education.

Our numbers this year are about four hundred, our income (omitting the money merely passed through our hands for objects designated by the givers) thirteen hundred and thirty-seven dollars, and our expenditure has left us forty-one dollars, as you have just heard from the treasurer's report.

In our branches, as ever, lies our strength; the number they enroll is seven hundred and thirty-one, nearly twice our own. They have raised nineteen hundred dollars, and spent twelve hundred and fifty dollars. Cambridge and Jamaica Plain have done nearly half this work. Stockbridge, Salem, and Fall River follow hard upon their footsteps, and Plymouth and Beverly are, as the boys say, "in the swim." All have done substantial service to the cause by meetings, by gifts, and by correspondence, and they count one hundred and forty subscribers to the *Indian's Friend*. These strong, active branches are invaluable, but, from various causes, many of the sixteen we counted so proudly three years ago, have withered and become little better than dead wood. Great Barrington, indeed, is alive, but has chosen to be independent. Lowell and Lawrence are silent. Fitchburg, I grieve to say, has faded out. Becket has given up the ghost, Pittsfield does little, and Lenox and Barnstable barely exist. Now

there is still a living feeling for the cause in the hearts of many individuals in each place, and what I would propose to each of the societies just named is to do what Sheffield, by my advice, did last summer : give up a separate organization, make each of its members one in the State Association, and appoint one person to collect their annual subscriptions and transmit them to the state treasurer, and distribute in return our annual report and such other literature as may seem advisable. They will thus keep direct connection with the work, and will be prepared at any time to make a special effort when needed, and they will be freed from the up-hill drag of holding regular meetings where nobody wants to come, and electing officers who are hard worked by half a dozen previously-established charities, and serve this only at the point of the bayonet. I think this course would make us stronger, and not weaker, for there are many who would join us with heart and purse if they were not afraid of taking up added work into hands already full.

Beside the nine regular and several exceptional meetings of the Executive Committee, we held one public meeting at the Old South on March 27th, with a full house, addressed by General Morgan, Lieutenant-General Howard, Colonel Carington, and others. We also called one in Association Hall on April 22d, expressly intended to bring together delegates from all the branches, and to concert plans for new exertion since the Omaha mission had been passed over by the National Association to the Presbyterian Board, and we were free to choose another object. The claims of the Apache Mission were well presented, and, although the meeting was, unfortunately, small, it was unanimous in desiring that we should undertake a part or the whole of this very interesting charge. We agreed, accordingly, to pay the salary of one teacher, five hundred dollars, and as soon as possible to do more.

At the risk of telling you much that you already know I will recapitulate the story of these Apaches. In 1885, justly irritated, let it be remembered, by long ill-treatment, which had kept them for years in an uneasy and warlike condition,

this small, but proud and fierce, tribe began one of those terrible wars which have time and again brought desolation and woe upon our western frontiers, and time and again have ended by the failure of savage bravery and cunning before the higher power and skill of our troops. For months the papers rang with the name of Geronimo and his men, and if his warfare was barbarous and cruel, it was not much worse than that of Wallace and Bruce in Scotland, and, like theirs, was against oppression and in the name of liberty. Only a part of the Apaches followed Geronimo. Many were left at home in the southwest of Arizona, where they lived, and some were friendly to us, and even acted as scouts on our side. But when the hostile band were taken prisoners and sent to St. Augustine, Fla., the white inhabitants of Arizona, harried and frightened out of their senses, insisted that the peaceful Apaches, several hundred in number, should also be carried away and imprisoned, and the Government yielded to their demand. By force and treachery these unoffending people were torn from their homes and farms and occupations, and thrust, with the others who were fairly prisoners of war, into the bare, empty Coquina fort, where they were all fed and guarded like animals, and nothing more. This state of things soon drew the attention of benevolent people, who began to visit the Indians, teach them, give them something to do, and comfort the sick, for, in their despair and wretchedness, many drooped and were dying. The press soon took up the matter, and so much indignation was roused that orders were given in 1887 to remove the tribe to Mount Vernon Barracks, thirty miles from Mobile, Ala., where they could have more wholesome quarters and more exercise. Soon after this was effected one of our own Executive Committee, a Boston woman, always prominent in good works, sent a capable person to look into their condition, and upon her report a subscription was raised to maintain two ladies as teachers of these Apaches, and this plan has ever since been carried out, with the cordial co-operation of the commandants of the post. The work is beautifully, heroically, and successfully going on. You have

all seen the letters of Miss Booth and Miss Shepard, telling with sweet simplicity how men, women, and children are drawn to their teaching; how the sick are soothed, and the healthy are trained to habits of neatness and order, and in the modest learning adapted to them; how the love of God and the gentle example of Jesus are brought home to their hearts; how Geronimo himself, the hard, vindictive chief, has become thoroughly their friend, and has turned the force of his character into the unexpected channel of keeping order in the school.

It is now proposed that our association should take up the whole mission and sustain it as our Massachusetts work. Our president, and I think I may say the whole Executive Committee, think well of the plan. The annual expense of paying the two teachers and the interpreter, and supplying the necessary books and stationery, will be about thirteen hundred dollars. Of this we can pay seven hundred dollars, and Cambridge, Jamaica Plain, Fall River, Stockbridge, and Salem have already come forward with money or pledges for the coming year. We hope that all your hearts will warm to the task, that every branch will contribute, and that we shall all joyfully help to add this olive-leaf to the crown of our dear old Bay State.

This remnant of an injured tribe is still under military supervision, and the Secretary of War has so far provided for their maintenance. He is now about to do much better, in enabling them to provide for themselves. Lieutenant Wotherspoon, detailed last spring for the express duty of attending to their interests, has brought experience, insight, vigor, and humanity to the work. By his exertions remunerative labor has been found for them in the neighborhood of the Barracks, and land is to be allotted to them there, as soon as they are able and desirous to use it. They are to become permanent residents and self-supporting, and on this honorable base we may have the privilege of helping them build a true, good manhood and womanhood.

The way is smoothed before us by the judicious manage-



ment of Lieutenant Wotherspoon, who writes that he hopes soon to teach the Indians to make money and use it, but that meanwhile they are supplied by the War Department with abundant food and raiment, and with comforts for the sick. He says, "There will be no necessity in the future for the mission to spend anything beyond what is required to procure incentives to study and good behavior in the school."

He is also building a mess-room for them, and hopes to have a hospital also, as well as better houses. In all these improvements they are made co-workers and helpers, and thus derive a double advantage from each bettering of their environment.

Their capacity is good and their situation has become hopeful, but for their seventy children there is no instruction except in the school we propose to maintain, and since the future of the tribe must depend on the training of the children this work is offered to our association as a thoroughly good object for its outlay and its interest.

MARY E. DEWEY,

*Corresponding Secretary.*

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### THE TUCKERMAN CIRCLE.

IN connection with the life of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Tuckerman it may be interesting to speak of a society that started during his ministry, and, bearing his name, still performs, after sixty-three years, its quiet work of kindliness and beneficence.

On Dec. 27, 1827, a sewing-circle was organized at the house of Dr. Tuckerman, by which a few ladies hoped to raise funds to be distributed by him to his "needy friends"—in reality to provide a poor's-purse to be used at Dr. Tuckerman's discretion.

These ladies met occasionally and sewed during the afternoon and evening on useful and ornamental articles, which were sold among themselves, while a cup of tea added socia-



bility to the occasion. Later the afternoon sewing-meeting was given up and a morning sale substituted, and this method still continues, the society bearing the name of the Tuckerman Circle, instead of the Tuckerman Sewing Circle, the name first chosen for it. The money obtained from the sales was paid monthly to Dr. Tuckerman and his successors, who have written many grateful letters in acknowledgment of sums received. The society has increased year by year, its members bringing in friends, who are always gladly welcomed, till it now numbers one hundred and twenty ladies, and sends to its almoners for distribution a sum varying from two thousand dollars to two thousand five hundred dollars a year, instead of the modest sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, obtained in its first year, ending December, 1828.

The demands of the society are few and simple, but imperative. A yearly subscription of two dollars is paid by each member. Every lady is requested to send at least one article, useful or ornamental, to each of the sales held monthly from October to April, at the home of some lady who has volunteered to provide for one; and the members are expected to attend the sales if possible and make some purchase. The sum raised at these sales varies from fifty dollars to six hundred dollars.

At the sale in December a business meeting is held, attended by the four ministers-at-large, who dispense the money thus raised, a treasurer's report is read, and a slight outline given of the manner in which the money has been used.

The unfailing testimony of these ministers is that this society is one of their greatest and most essential aids. Without it they would often find themselves face to face with sickness and poverty which they could not relieve; with it, they have a sum to draw upon at will, and are enabled to give aid at the necessary moment, thus often preventing greater distress.

A few legacies have been left to the society, and donations are made with varying frequency, but nearly all its money is obtained from their seven monthly sales, and it has been able

to send out two thousand seven hundred and fifty-two dollars in one year.

Such a sum, distributed by ministers who know personally those whom they aid, and whose kindness and wisdom can be implicitly relied upon, constitutes a charity that appeals to all denominations, and although the four ministers who distribute the sum are of one form of faith, many of the most earnest workers in the circle are of other denominations, but all are glad to join in one determined effort to lessen the burdens laid upon their less fortunate brothers and sisters — in short to “Lend a Hand.”

CAROLINE E. JENKS,

*Sec. Tuckerman Circle.*

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#### ETHER DRUNKENNESS.

A NEW form of drunkenness has developed itself in Northern Ireland. It is said to prevail chiefly in the southern part of the county of Londonderry. The fluid drunk is the ordinary methylated ether of commerce.

Mr. Ernest Hart, who has studied the subject, delivered a careful address upon it before the London Society for the Study of Inebriety, of which the following report is given in an English paper: —

“The ether was supplied mostly from England, the trade being mainly in the hands of three large London firms of manufacturing chemists. Much of the ether sent to Ireland from this country was smuggled as ‘drugs,’ in order to escape the extra carriage-rate to which ether, as an explosive, was subject. The price at which the English manufacturers supplied methylated ether was stated to be 8 1-4d. per pound, or 8d. in ‘drums’ (holding ten gallons). By judicious dilution the retail dealers contrived to make a profit of cent. per cent. A ‘draught’ cost a penny, and three or four of these sufficed to produce intoxication in average drinkers. As much as five ounces had sometimes been taken at a draught, and a pint

was not considered by some an extraordinary allowance during a debauch. The special feature of ether intoxication was that it came on very quickly as compared with that produced by whiskey, etc.; it also passed off with extreme rapidity, so that an ether-drinker often got drunk half a dozen times a day. Some idea of the quantity of ether consumed in the districts where the habit prevailed might be formed from the fact that more than two tons were openly passed along the railways each year into the Cookstown district, while a still larger quantity was conveyed there secretly. In Cookstown, Draperstown, Money more, and other places the atmosphere seemed loaded with the smell of ether, especially on fair-days. In the third-class carriages of the Derry Central Railway the smell of ether on market-days from the women coming from Maghera was disgusting. It was drunk by both sexes, young and old, but not so much as yet by young girls. The doctors were pretty well agreed that the habit had been increasing for the last year or two, but no definite statistics could be obtained. Ether-drinking prevailed more among Roman Catholics than among Protestants, and the Catholic clergy had done all in their power to put it down. The General Synod of the Church of Ireland had called the attention of Parliament to the prevalence of the habit, and resolutions on the subject had been passed by the Synods of the dioceses of Armagh and Derry. The immediate effects of ether-drinking were violent excitement, followed, if the dose were sufficiently large, by stupor. Quarrelsomeness was a marked feature in ether intoxication. Ether-drinking did not seem to have any markedly injurious effects on the tissues comparable to those produced by alcohol, but it disordered the health by causing chronic gastritis and indigestion with nervous prostration. The effect on the moral character was very bad, leading to loss of self-control, lying, etc., and a general mental condition akin to that of hysteria. It seemed to have no direct tendency to produce insanity, but it predisposed to crimes of violence by the pugnacity which it induced. As to its shortening life, it only did so apparently by exposing its victims to

accidents, especially to severe burns from setting themselves on fire when lighting pipes, etc. Mr. Ernest Hart concluded by appealing to the Legislature to make some attempt to put down ether-drinking by restricting the sale of the fluid in some way without interfering with its legitimate use in medicine and in the arts."

### REPORT OF THE FRAGMENT SOCIETY, BOSTON.

THE seventy-eighth annual meeting of the Fragment Society of Boston was held at the Vendome October 10th. This society, which was founded by a few charitable women, whose good deeds have been well-known in times past, and whose generous gifts to the poor of Boston have perpetuated their names in many grateful homes, is still doing its good work among the poor of our city, aided and cheered by the helpful hands of many representatives of its founders and earliest members. The report of its treasurer shows a fund of eleven hundred and sixty-six dollars and eight cents in its treasury, and seven hundred and ninety-eight dollars has been expended the past year for purchasing the material which has been made up into garments for infants or given away.

Every second Monday in each month from November to May the Board meets at the house of one of its members, and each manager is entitled to bring a friend with her in the afternoon to help make up the dainty infants' wardrobes, which are given out to worthy women who have no time to prepare for the little babies who come to be cared for. Many are the applications, and very grateful are the women. In almost every case the manager presenting such case has personal knowledge of the applicant, and often visits and relieves in many ways the poor mother. Beside these suits are yards of cotton, flannel, and calico, which is given proportionately to each manager to give to some needy woman to make up for herself. And the society aims to seek out those whose natural pride and sensitiveness will not allow them to beg or ask for charity.

## THE DECREASE OF PAUPERISM.

WHILE we are told every day that as the rich grow richer the poor grow poorer, the statistics steadily tell another story. The truth is that the community grows richer, its average members grow richer, and each member, who places himself in the best position for advance. The following weekly statement of pauperism for the last week in August is the latest issued in England, being dated October 31. The reader will gratefully observe that it records the lowest figures for that week of any month since records began:—

“The number of paupers in England and Wales, which continuously decreased from the first week of March, 731,787, to the first week of August, 656,932, during the middle of that month rose slightly, and by the end of the fourth week had again declined to 657,477, of which 164,952 were cases of indoor and 492,525 of outdoor relief. This number, 657,477, is lower than at the end of August in any of the thirty-one years since 1857, when the record began, with the exception of the three years 1876-78. The number means a proportion of 22.4 to every 1,000 of the population, which is estimated at 29,407,649. This proportion is the lowest recorded, and may be compared favorably with the figure of the same time last year, 23.5, which itself was the lowest then on record. In the metropolis the number of paupers was 87,185, which, on an estimated population of 4,421,661, gives a proportion of 19.7 in the thousand, which is also the lowest yet recorded, and is one in the thousand lower than last year.”

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## THE SPIRIT OF THE PINE.

WE would call the attention of the clubs which are looking for some little entertainment for the holiday season to *The Spirit of the Pine*. The book is called a Christmas Masque, and is dainty and original. The dear little pine tree dis

“that she might fill

The simple longing of a childish heart.”

The whole poem is simple, easily learned, and not difficult to perform. The book needs no word of recommendation to the readers of *St. Nicholas*, for Miss Tiffany's name is a household word with them. To others we would say: ask the bookseller to show you *The Spirit of the Pine*. It will speak for itself.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PINE. A Christmas Masque. By Miss Esther B. Tiffany. Boston: L. Prang & Co.

## LEND A HAND MONTHLY.

EDWARD E. HALE, D. D. . . . . Editor.  
JOHN STILMAN SMITH . . . . . Manager.

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### NOTICE.

An elderly man having pledged his working instruments to relieve a neighbor's distress, the instruments are to be sold if not redeemed. I know the case completely, and hope \$60.00 may be raised to restore them to their owner, who is in pressing need of them.

EDWARD E. HALE.

### JOSEPH TUCKERMAN.

We published on the 1st of October an engraving of the portrait of Dr. Joseph Tuckerman, from the picture in the American Unitarian House.

This portrait is that most approved by the family.

We shall send a copy, by mail, to every subscriber to LEND A HAND whose subscription for next year is paid immediately, remitting \$2.00.

New subscribers may receive either this print or our etching of Father Damien, which has been pronounced the best portrait published; or our print from Renouf's picture, Lending a Hand, by remitting as above.

Either print, when framed, is a handsome ornament for a vestry, or Sunday-school room, or the home.

Copies may be purchased, and will be forwarded by mail, carefully packed.

Price, \$3.00 for a copy in India paper; \$2.00 for early proof.

The above offer does not include clubbing with other *periodicals*, and in every case the full price of LEND A HAND must be sent to us. Subscribers to *Look-out* may receive the prints offered for two subscriptions, sending \$2.00.

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